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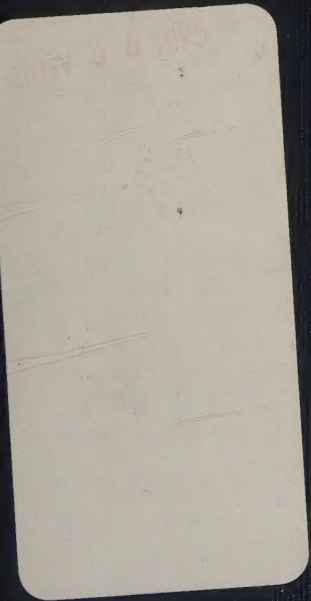


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IN RELIGION AND LETTERS

By
REV. MICHAEL P. MAHON

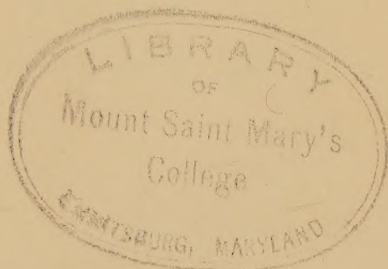


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IRELAND
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Michael P. Mahon

IRELAND IN RELIGION AND LETTERS

OR

DISCOURSES AND WRITINGS OF
CATHOLIC AND IRISH INTEREST

BY

REV. MICHAEL P. MAHON

AUTHOR OF "IRELAND'S FAIRY LORE"

THOMAS J. FLYNN & COMPANY
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TO MY NIECE
MISS MARY JOSEPHINE MAHON

PREFACE

THE contents of this book are reprinted from the *Sacred Heart Review* and the *Pilot*. There is also an article from the *Hibernian*; and two translations from the author's Gaelic in the *Gael*. They are mostly about Ireland and the Irish. As all eyes are now fixed on Ireland, the author hopes they may do their own little share in winning hearts to the Emerald Isle, and in helping her people to realize their legitimate aspirations as a nation.

The book begins with the praises of God's Blessed Mother, Erin's Star of Hope through the centuries, the Model to whom the Irish woman has been so constantly true.

In the two or three talks on the literary glory of Gaelic Ireland, there are one or two repetitions of thought. But these were inevitable. There were certain facts which the speaker wanted to drive home, facts concerning the distinctive character, quality, quantity and

range of the ancient literature especially. About these things intelligent people were in the habit of asking enlightened questions.

The book reviews and letters in the volume will be their own best explanation.

It was so interesting to find a book on Modern Ireland, published in Paris, by a Frenchman, and for French readers, that the author could not very well refrain from translating quotations from it, which he did as soon as it appeared, on matters that appealed to him and which, he knew, would appeal to others. Hence the letters to the *Review*.

THE AUTHOR

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SERMONS ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS

THE BLESSED VIRGIN THE IDEAL WOMAN ¹

"Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." — LUKE i. 48.

TO gain eternal salvation is the great object of our lives. But though this object is common to us, the means whereby we are to attain it are different. These means are the duties of the state of life — whatever that may be — in which it has pleased God to place us. Between the duties of men and those of women, nature, the faithful interpreter of the divine will, has made a very clear distinction. Either class has its peculiar mission. The proper sphere of woman's activity is the family. When we reflect on the fact that every individual of the human race is committed exclusively to woman's care in the beginning of life — the time of utter helplessness — when we consider that our education begins with her,

¹ Preached at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary in the winter of 1887, the author being then a seminarian.

that all women and all men, from the lowliest peasant to the supreme ruler of the land, that the anointed ministers of God, whether priests, or bishops, or popes, pour forth their first lisplings of prayer kneeling by woman's side, when we consider that it is her gentle influence over our infant minds that lays deep in our soul the foundation of the character that is to distinguish us through life, we cannot but come to the conclusion that it is woman's mission to establish and sustain the reign of morality. On the principle, therefore, that a thing is perfect when it serves fully the purpose for which it is intended, the woman who, in the present state of society, is the ideal of womanly perfection, is the one who is endowed with all the virtues necessary for the fulfillment of this sublime mission. Such a woman must act from an exalted motive. She must deny herself, and do all her duties for the honor and glory of God, and the welfare of the human race.

The true Christian woman must, therefore, be endowed with a profound and true humility; and, as this is always found inseparably linked with charity, it will make her everything that

God wishes her to be. We know, my friends, that God wishes us to be perfectly pleasing to Him, and hence to come up to the idea that is in the divine mind of what we ought to be. And we know that, in order that this idea may be realized in us, we must be virtuous from the first dawn of reason to the close of our lives. And, consequently, the woman, whom we can truthfully call an ideal woman, must be perfect as a maiden, perfect as a wife, and perfect as a mother.

For nineteen hundred years the Church of God has pointed to the Blessed Virgin Mary as the unequaled and unsurpassable embodiment of all possible womanly perfection. She is the ideal woman. Her character was enriched by the profoundest and most perfect humility, and by the most sublime charity, so that, as a maiden, a spouse, and a mother, she was everything that could be desired. When the archangel, Gabriel, in the name of God, and of the whole court of heaven, saluted the maiden as "full of grace," and announced to her that she was chosen to be the mother of the Son of God, she expressed her compliance with the divine will in these words that bespoke her humility:

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord.” She, whom one of the greatest and brightest of the angelic choir approached as if with bated breath; she, before the splendor of whose sanctity the archangel’s glory grew dim; she, in whose presence Gabriel showed reverence surpassed in its depth only by the adoration with which he contemplates the Beatific Vision; she, who was raised to a dignity which overshadowed the concentrated glory of all angels and men, calls herself the lowly servant of God, when she is chosen to be his Mother. Oh, how calculated, not only to dazzle but to dethrone a woman’s reason, and render prudence of language for the time morally impossible was not the certainty of being the one whose flesh was to become the flesh of the God-man, and whose blood was to course in his veins.

Did Mary’s humble answer arise from inability on her part to realize or appreciate the greatness of her dignity? Far from it. The humility of the “Virgin Most Prudent”¹ was a true humility, and true humility, or humility properly so-called, — humility in which there is no element of servility, — far from stifling

¹ Prudence is the *Auriga virtutum*.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH

the noble impulses of the soul, rather stimulates them. It is perfectly consistent with due self-assertion, and with that strength of mind and will which should characterize every reasonable creature.

Picture to yourselves our Blessed Lady in the presence of Elizabeth. She knows that she is radiant with the sanctity of the Holy One enclosed in her womb. She knows that the very atmosphere surrounding her is fragrant with the odor of heaven's Holy of Holies united in her person to the most glorious embodiment of sanctity that ever appeared among the daughters of men. Elizabeth, breathing that atmosphere, becomes inspired of God, and salutes our Lady as, "Blessed among women," and well did the Virgin know that the mother of John the Baptist spoke in the name of all future ages. The matchless woman reserved no credit to herself but referred all her glory to its Author in the most sublime language that ever crossed human lips: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath exulted in God my Saviour: because he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaid; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Humility is the solid basis of all virtue, and perfect humility is always associated with perfect charity. How perfect a character then must not the Blessed Virgin have been! While in her humility she forgot her own greatness in contemplation of the infinite greatness and goodness of God, she united herself with Him in the most intimate mystical bond of love. She loved her fellow-creatures with a most devoted love. Behold the lady-like solicitude and obligingness with which she exerted herself at the marriage of Cana to save the host from incurring the displeasure of his guests. See her in the house of Zachary after she had conceived the Word. She would indeed be justified in being completely engrossed in contemplation of the mysterious gift bestowed upon herself, completely wrapped up in an ecstasy of self-congratulation. How differently did she act! In her canticle of thanksgiving to the Almighty for the favors bestowed on herself she mingled the fervid outpouring of her gratitude for the benefits conferred on her forefathers and on mankind generally. "For He that is mighty hath done great things for me," she exclaims, "and holy is His name.

And His mercy is from generation unto generation. He hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things. He hath received Israel His servant, being mindful of His mercy: as He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever.”

How noble was the soul which burned in the body of our Blessed Mother. The page of history glows not with a more thrilling outburst of patriotism — patriotism informed and ennobled by the heavenly fire of love. Ah! peerless woman, no wonder that the sound of praise and benediction caught up by the early Christians from Elizabeth’s lips has been, through the long lapse of nineteen hundred years, steadily gaining in volume and sound, till, rising to-day from two hundred million voices, it rends the skies.

Having founded our arguments on the Blessed Virgin’s humility, we have seen how her heart overflowed with love of God and of her fellow-creatures, and we know from the words of Christ that the fulfillment of the precept of love makes us everything that God wants us to be. We know that the fire of charity or love, enkindled in Mary’s soul at the first

moment of her conception, burned with a flame that never for an instant ceased to increase in vividness and brilliancy. We, therefore, conclude that she was the ideal of womanly perfection, and, consequently, as a maiden, a spouse, and a mother, everything that even God could desire.

Let us consider her in each of these respects. In her maidenhood, the transcendent beauty of her soul appeared under the form of virginal modesty, — the characteristic virtue of the maiden, — and this imparted to her character a charm that could hardly be regarded as earthly. It was heavenly. An utter abhorrence of all show and vanity distinguished this wonderful maiden. Her virtue caused her parents to love her with a love that knew no bounds. Her companions in the Temple suspected her of being an angel in human form. St. Denis, the Areopagite, who saw her, assures us that were he not enlightened by faith, he would have taken her for a divinity. The Holy Ghost, looking down on his future spouse, exclaims, in an ecstasy of joy, “Thou art all fair, oh my beloved, and there is no spot nor stain in thee. As a lily among the

thorns so is my love among the daughters of Israel."

Modesty in the maiden is an unerring guarantee of love and fidelity in the wife; and beautifully is this illustrated in Mary. Her love of him who was chosen to be her spouse was, in its purity and ardor, as far beyond anything that could proceed from any other heart, as she surpassed the highest grade of perfection ever attained. It was the purest and most heavenly of which a heart, which was the masterpiece of creative power, was capable. Divine tradition teems with evidence that Mary, though far superior to Joseph in dignity, always delighted to show him all the obedience and submission of the true Christian wife. The ideal maiden and spouse was a perfect impersonation of the devotedness of the ideal Christian mother, and of her resignation and fortitude in bearing the toils and crosses of maternity.

Among the numerous brilliant gems that decorate the diadem of glory with which the Church of God has encircled Mary's virgin brow, we find one inscribed with the beautiful title of "Mother Most Admirable." Admirably

indeed are the qualities of the true Christian mother brought out in Mary's character. Wherever the evangelist speaks of the events of the infancy and boyhood of Jesus, Mary appears in the foreground. From her Jesus, in whom all the affections of her soul are centered, she will not be separated, whilst her prerogatives as a mother justify her in clinging to her son. But when, after the marriage of Cana, Jesus makes known to her that it is now time that he should go about that work for which he had come, she disappears from the scene. She is not present at the glorious transfiguration of her Son on Mount Thabor; she is not present when He enters Jerusalem greeted by the acclamations of the people, — but when He falls on Calvary's slope, languishing under the weight of His cross, she is there. She rushes forward to console and help Him, but is repelled by rude and blood-stained hands. Her beautiful eyes are suffused and dim, and her fair cheeks furrowed by the hot tears that are welling up from her breaking heart.

When Jesus hangs in torment on the cross, Mary is at its foot, looking on the once beautiful face of her child writhing in agony. She is

there to console Him by her presence, to receive His dying words, to be bequeathed by Him to us to be our mother. She is there to receive His body, handed down lifeless and lacerated from the cross, into the fond embrace of a mother's love.

There is a deep and mysterious meaning in all this. It reminds us that it is the hour of our weakness and helplessness and affliction that brings out in all its glory the nobleness of the true Christian woman's soul. It is by her gentle tutorship we are prepared and strengthened in our childhood for the arduous battle of life. There is no cradle over which her smiling face does not anxiously bend; there is no cross, no pang which is not alleviated by this minister of consolation; there is no grave unbedewed by her tears or unhallowed by her grief. Surely resignation must be a virtue of the Christian mother. Was there ever resignation like Mary's? In the first days of her motherhood, when feasting her eyes on the beauty of her divine Son, and clasping Him to her breast in the first ecstasy of a young mother's love, she caught, from the prophetic mind of Simeon, a glimpse of the horrors of Calvary. It

was then her sorrows began, and they deepened steadily as her divine Son neared his terrible passion. She was resigned to the divine will, and her resignation, like her sorrows, was in proportion to her love.

If you wish to see fortitude personified, gaze on Mary at the foot of the cross. The fountain of her tears is dried up, and her grief, like the flow of a mighty river, is silent and deep. She had an awful sacrifice to make. She had to give up her divine Son, for our sins, to a most ignominious and painful death, and nobly and heroically did she do it. Such was the "Mother Most Admirable." Never did maternity bring to woman's heart more anguish than it caused Mary. Never were its duties and its trials so exalted and glorified as in her.

Now that we have seen that humility, the foundation of all virtues, and charity, their crown, always adorned our Blessed Lady's soul, and that she was, in consequence, the ideal of perfection, as a maiden, a spouse, and a mother, or, in other words, a perfect realization of the idea that exists in the mind of God of what a woman ought to be — the idea accord-

ing to which he created Eve — what can our nature prompt us to do but to offer the tribute of our devotion to her who is the glory of our race? We should honor, love, and venerate this masterpiece of created excellence, whose mind and will never for a moment severed their union with the mind and will of God.

Let us honor the great Lady in whose soul we find the image and likeness of God preserved without ever a stain, in whom the temple of the Holy Ghost has been glorified, and in whom eternal justice has been always faithfully reflected, even as the azure vault of heaven is mirrored in the unruffled waters of a transparent and beautiful sea.

Let our hearts expand with gratitude to the great Lady whose rise marks an era in the social condition of woman. It was Mary whom, in the person of Judith, her type, the Bethulians hailed as the "Glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, and the honor of our people." She is the model for woman, single or married, to follow. The Christian maiden should be inspired with a noble ambition of reproducing in her own character the virtues, and particularly the virginal modesty, of the ideal maiden.

If Christian wives imitate the conjugal love and fidelity of the ideal spouse, the time will soon come when society will no longer be poisoned at its source, when the sanctity and unity of the marriage tie will be respected, when divorce will be recorded in history as a defilement that marked a past period of sheer moral and social degradation, if not of downright barbarism.

There is nothing so calculated to elevate the mind and purify the heart of the Christian mother as the practice of keeping constantly before her mind the glorious image of her great model, the "Mother Most Admirable." Such a mother will never forget the sublime character of her mission, or the tremendous weight of her responsibility. She will never forget that the Virgin's son poured out His blood to the very last drop for each infant soul committed to her charge. Her whole heart and soul will be in bringing up her children for God, and procuring for them sound instruction in the doctrines of their holy religion. And in this noble and most necessary work she will receive the full coöperation of her husband; for no man can neglect his duty or his God when blessed with

a wife whose character reminds him of the great Lady of Nazareth.

The children of such a mother cannot resist the influence of her example, nor fail to become inspired with sound and lasting principles of morality. It is the character stamped on our infant minds that determines, to a great extent, our future. On it depends considerably whether our eternal abode is to be heaven or hell. Since, then, the peace and happiness of families, the welfare of society, the reign of morality, and the consequent stability of the State, and above all the salvation of souls, depend so much on Christian women, — how necessary it is that they should be guided by the example of their glorious model, the “seat of wisdom!”

From woman springs the family; nations are made up of families. If, then, Christian women were true to their mission, and imitators of Mary, all families would be well regulated, Christian morality would sit with unquestioned right and unlimited sway on her throne, and founded on divine faith, sustained by hope, and with the crown of charity resting on her brow, she would rule the nations with a scepter of divine love. Then, indeed, would all

nations, blessed with prosperity and peace through the influence of the ideal woman, rise up unitedly and pour forth from grateful hearts, in praise of Heaven's Queen, a canticle that would cease on earth only to be taken up and continued with the angels in heaven. God grant that this day we sigh for may speedily dawn!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1890¹

THE speaker said that St. Patrick's Day had a significance for every one present; that those of Irish descent as well as those of Irish birth were indebted to St. Patrick for the priceless treasure of their faith. "As for you who are of Irish birth," said he, "the regular recurrence of St. Patrick's Day brings up in your minds very many tender recollections of your home. Perhaps now, as I remind you of that home, your thoughts cluster around some little clover-clad mound wherein lies till the judgment day the hallowed remains of a father or mother, the last link, perhaps, that binds your hearts to the old land; or perhaps the uppermost recollection of Erin in your minds now is the grim, ill-defined outlines of the mountain you saw in the distance when on the first evening of your departure from Erin's shores, you stood on the deck of the steamer

¹ Synopsis of sermon delivered in the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Cambridge.

that bore you away, and cast one long, last, wistful, tearful glance towards the island in the north-east, which you were leaving forever.

“Ah, my friends, how can we help being proud of our race! We know that it stretches away back into the impenetrable obscurity of the past. How can we help loving the old land? We know that its hallowed plains were often made crimson with that very blood that flows in our veins to-day, and that the bones of our ancestors have been crumbling to dust in its sacred soil for thousands of years, so that its very surface is akin to the bodies in which we walk the streets.

“While millions of hearts all over the world exult and rejoice at the memories revived by St. Patrick’s Day, there are hundreds of thousands of hearts, too, in which that day excites the most tender grief. Picture to yourselves the Irish soldier on the burning plains of distant India, his face buried in his hands, his heart filled with grief at the remembrance of the dear ones who miss him from their little circle at home.”

Having introduced his subject in this strain, the Rev. Father referred to St. Patrick’s rapid

conversion of the Irish, and to the state of civilization — very high for that early time — in which he found them. The fundamental idea of the sermon was: —

“Ireland suffered. Why? Christ suffered; being followers of Christ we must suffer. By suffering, we become conformable to Christ, who is our model. This is the rule for the individual man, and for the nation, in a sense, as the nation is but the aggregate of individual men.

“Again, all those whom God destined for the accomplishment of high and noble purposes suffered. Witness the sufferings of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Ireland was destined for the diffusion of the true religion, as facts prove, and therefore Ireland suffered.”

The Rev. Father then gave a rapid review of Ireland’s sorrows, and of the persecutions she underwent, as shown up in her history, claimed that the Irish at Fontenoy and Waterloo changed the course of history, and with reference to Waterloo, quoted the words of Wellington himself, uttered in the English House of Lords, fourteen years after that victory, on the occasion of an honor that was

being conferred on him in recognition of his success against Napoleon: "It is to the Irish," said Wellington, "that we owe our proud prominence as an empire, and it is to them that I owe the laurels with which you are about to deck my brow."

He then referred to the capture of Suakim, in Egypt, by the Irish soldiers a few years ago, and to the comment made on that exploit by the *New York Sun*. These were matters calculated to inspire poor Ireland's heart with pride in the indomitable valor of her sons, and to fill that heart with grief at the very thought that her sons had built up the empire that had well-nigh crushed them.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1905

"Amen! I say to you that you shall lament and weep . . . and you shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be changed into joy." St. JOHN, xvi. 20.

PREACHING from this text Father Mahon reviewed the great work of the Irish race for Christianity and for the Catholic Church. He said, in part:¹

"The Irish have been a most important factor in the destinies of the world, Ireland having contributed to an extent, entirely out of proportion to its size, to the Christianizing and civilizing of the world. Its people have, almost alone, solidly and permanently established the Church of Christ in every land where the English language is spoken. No fact is more fully sustained by history than that the Irish have accomplished a providential destiny in this respect. Their preservation of the Catholic faith in their own land, in the face of overwhelming persecution, cannot be regarded in

¹ Delivered in The Cathedral, Boston.

any other light than as a miracle of the moral order, their constancy and loyalty to Mother Church fitting them for the world-wide work they have accomplished."

The thesis announced, Fr. Mahon proceeded to establish it by a review of the introduction of Christianity into Ireland and by a detailed account of the persecutions it underwent there, very particularly the persecutions of the Church from the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth to that of Queen Anne, when the penal laws reached their culmination, calculated as they were then to plunge the nation in downright, absolute despair. Nothing but a special interposition of Divine Providence could have saved the faith in Ireland under such conditions.

Fr. Mahon finished his discourse as follows: "During those long years of dire persecution how was the faith preserved in Ireland? We know that the Irish people were true to the teachings of St. Patrick, that his mantle had fallen on the Irish priesthood. But at one time the lamentable cry went up that, in the natural order of things, the time must soon come when there would be no more priests in Ireland. Oh, think of it! the Irish Catholic dying with-

out a priest in the land to strengthen and console his last moments, the God of the Tabernacle banished from that sacred land, the Mass no longer celebrated in the land blessed by St. Patrick. Banish the priest, you banish the Holy Mass, and soon the faith is dead. Such is the verdict of history. But such was not to be the case in Ireland. While we must acknowledge that every good gift comes down from the Giver of all gifts, from the Father of lights, and that no matter who sows, it is God that always gives the increase; still, humanly speaking, we must recognize in the manner in which the Irish met this crisis one of the grandest examples of Christian heroism that the world ever saw.

“Young Irishmen and boys who had the means went to different countries on the Continent of Europe, studied in seminaries established by the Irish, came into Ireland, newly ordained priests, but in disguise; ministered secretly to their poor people, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for them in the thick of the forests or in caves of the earth. Many a time bishops and priests were detected as such at the very ports at which they landed,

betrayed by such foreign accent as they might have acquired, and by the natural refinement of their education and sacred calling; and, of course, detection was followed by torture and death. In those days was sealed forever the bond of love between the Irish people and their priests. The people were loyal and true to Christ and the priests were true to them, aye, true unto death and eternally vigilant till the dark clouds of that awful time passed away. At last the protests of Catholic European powers and the outraged feelings of right-minded men, in conjunction with the terror stricken into the heart of the persecutor by the war clouds that darkened the horizon, compelled a mitigation of this awful code. Ireland arose triumphant from that awful struggle for the faith. She had gone through the torture, and had never quailed. She had cherished and preserved her faith in God; and at last saw the dawn of the day of religious liberty.

“But it was the will of God even in those later days that Ireland should preserve the faith not merely for herself, but for a vast portion of the world. The Cross of the Crucified

still hung over Ireland; her children were scattered to the four quarters of the globe; and we can proudly say that the sun never sets on the handiwork of the children of St. Patrick. In America, Australia, New Zealand, wherever the Irishman settled, we see high in the air, shining in the sunlight, in all the glory of its gold, the Cross of the Crucified, set there over thousands of noble churches by the hard-earned dollar of the Irishman and Irish woman. The priest who was loyal to them in the dark penal days receives their devotion and loyalty now, far away from the land of the Mass Cave and the Shamrock. Never may that sacred union fail! Oh! my friends, how much we have to be thankful for in our antecedents, our sacred traditions; how much to be proud of in those whose flesh and blood and spirit we inherit; and what a tremendous responsibility rests upon us from the example they have set! Never may that day dawn when we would cease to take a noble pride in the indomitable spirit and unswerving constancy of our fathers, those noble soldiers of Jesus Christ. From their graves in holy Ireland they preach to us forevermore the lesson of allegiance to Holy

Mother Church. Their allegiance and devotion came through the ages to your fathers and mothers, to those from whose lips you learned the sweet names of Jesus and Mary; and oh, wherever those heroes of the faith are to-day, whether waiting for the resurrection in their silent graves far away from the land of their first love, or sleeping under the shamrock in the shadow of the round tower or the crumbling ancient church or convent ruin, may their spirits hover over us, and beseech the all-powerful God to keep us ever true, ever loyal to the principles of faith and devotion for which they bled and died! Amen.

EULOGY ON FATHER O'GROWNEY.¹

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: for their works follow them." APOCALYPSE 14; 13.

FRIENDS, we are gathered here to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the soul of an illustrious man recently taken from us. We are assembled in sorrow; but fully resigned to the inscrutable will of the All-wise God, who has taken to Himself the still youthful spirit of the bright and noble priest who has done so much for the welfare of his own Irish race; who, by untiring effort, has impressed upon mankind the beauty and sweetness and melodiousness of the ancient language of Ireland,

¹ This is a translation of the eulogy delivered in the Irish language at the Month's Mind Solemn Requiem High Mass, celebrated in St. James Church, Harrison Avenue, Boston, for the repose of the soul of Rev. Father Eugene O'Growney. This occurred on November 20, 1899. The Month's Mind was at the request, and under the auspices, of the Boston Philo-celtic Society.

the language of Saints and Sages; and who has demonstrated the priceless value of this tongue among the languages of antiquity, and its present worth, among other things, for collecting and preserving the civil and ecclesiastical history of Ireland, and of the countries of Western Europe. He lived only a short time; he accomplished much; he initiated much more. In the words of Holy Writ, "he did wonderful things in his lifetime." Therefore it is fitting that his praises be sounded and his example cherished. May God give us the courage and the resolution to bring his work to a completion for the higher education of our people, for the advancement of genuine scholarship and for the honor and glory of God.

It was from a western state of our own glorious country (California), the news reached us, like a wail from the twilight, that Father O'Growney had left us forever; and it is with a full realization of our loss, and up from the depths of our hearts, that we implore God's blessing on his soul.

Father O'Growney was born in the parish of Athboy, in Meath, thirty-six years ago. His

parents knew no Irish. He himself, in his younger days, did not know that there was an Irish language. But when he discovered that there was a national language that belonged to Ireland distinctively, he at once set himself to the work of exploring it, learning it from such Irish books as were obtainable, learning it more successfully and quickly from the lips of the people, who, in other parts of the country, still spoke it. Many a month he spent in the Arran Islands; in the County of Galway; in Cork County, and in Donegal, where the people spoke the language with precision and taste. We are well aware of his progress and of the books he wrote to give a knowledge of the language to other people; and we remember the honor accorded him, when he was made Editor of the *Gaelic Journal*, and, afterwards, when he was made professor of Celtic in the famous College of Maynooth. We may ask: why did he devote all of his brief life to the work of cultivating and propagating a knowledge of the Irish language? He cherished this special study, because of his talent and taste for general linguistic research, but, still more, from motives of purest patriotism. He

was impressed with the antiquity of the Irish language, knowing there was no authority in existence, who could tell when its accents were first heard; that it was spoken at the time of Christ, and for ages before, in Britain, Scotland and Gaul; and that it was through it St. Patrick explained the Faith to our fathers.

For the reason that it goes back so far, into the past, and bearing in mind the great number of Irish manuscripts in the libraries of Europe as well as in Ireland, he appreciated its distinct usefulness as a means of proving, if proof were necessary, that the Catholic Faith of the Irish people now is the identical belief taught by St. Patrick to their fathers. He realized the possibility of proving the basic unity of all languages, and deducing therefrom one other powerful proof of the unity of origin of the human race. He was well aware, also, that there is no more powerful help to preserve national unity than linguistic unity. He hoped that the Irish language would yet be spoken in all parts of Ireland and that, for that reason, the Irish would be absolutely loyal to each other; united, and, because of this union, so intrepid and powerful that they would ulti-

mately overcome all obstacles and accomplish the freedom of their country.

Great and splendid was Father O'Growney. His worth is hard to estimate. He has left us forever; but his ideal remains with us; and may God preserve his noble aspirations in the hearts of Irishmen to the end of the world. May God give thee the glory of Heaven, O Father O'Growney; and may God, my dear friends, give us the same blessing.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE A LANGUAGE OF PRAYER.¹

“A pilgrim from the Sainted Isle
On which, amidst the darkest storm,
The Ocean’s Star ne’er ceased to smile,
And guard its ancient Faith from harm,
’Twould ill become no voice to raise
To sound our beautiful Erin’s² praise,
Nor need our harp be here unstrung,
On willows hanging, from sad fears
That should it breathe our native tongue
Its tones should melt us into tears.
On Tiber’s banks no tongue is strange
Rome’s faith and tongue embrace earth’s range.”

I HAVE taken these lines from a beautiful poem composed in Irish and English by Archbishop MacHale while he was in Rome in 1854, on the occasion of the definition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Mother. The poem is in her honor, but by changing a few words I have made it apply to our dear Mother Erin,

¹ Discourse delivered in The Cathedral, Boston, May 30, 1908, by Rev. M. P. Mahon. The Irish, or Gaelic, original had just been spoken.

² This in the original reads—“the sinless Virgin’s praise.”

feeling that the Blessed Mother of God would condone the temporary alienation, since it is done to introduce with all the grace at our command what we have to say on matters that closely concern that beautiful isle which has through ages of "darkest storm," indeed, remained faithful and true to her. The great Archbishop, the pilgrim from the Sainted Isle, gave vent to the feelings of his heart in that magnificent Gaelic poem.

I cannot help associating what these lines express with the feelings that rule in our hearts to-day. We are all, or very nearly all, from that Sainted Isle, either by birth or by descent. But we are not pilgrims. We are here to stay. We are a part of the great American people, a part of the noble people of Massachusetts and of this great city. Nevertheless when we find ourselves gathered in the great metropolitan church of New England, by the special favor and gracious encouragement of our own great Archbishop,¹ to have a heart to heart talk in our own ancient tongue, we cannot help feeling some of the racial as well as spiritual exaltation that filled the soul of John MacHale at Rome. "On Tiber's banks no tongue is

¹ Now His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell.

strange." On Boston's grand boulevards our tongue has long since ceased to be strange.

And what special subject shall we consider today?

To discuss the value of our language as an educational factor is impossible on account of the magnitude of the subject and the brevity of the time at our disposal. Nor is it possible for the same reason to give honorable mention, even in a passing way, to the great ones departed who have labored for the resuscitation of the Irish language and the publication of its enormous literature. Nor can we do more than refer to the trained philologists who in the universities of Germany, France, England, Scotland and Denmark are teaching Irishmen the real value of the ancient language of Ireland, and we can proudly point to the fact that the Universities of our own great land are, one by one, establishing Celtic Chairs.

But my dear friends I shall speak briefly of one phase of the Irish language which makes it particularly lovable to you and to me.

It is a remarkable thing that since the time of St. Patrick it seems to have been specially consecrated to the service of Christianity. It

is almost impossible for an Irish-speaking Irishman not to be a good Catholic. The piety of his race has reacted on his language and his language reacts on him. The very phrases which it puts in his mouth for the most ordinary occasions of life bring out the refinement of Christianity from his soul. If you meet him on the road he will not say, "How do you do?" but he will say, "God bless you," and the answer he expects is "God and Mary bless you." If he enters your house he will say on entering, "Prosperity from God on ye." He invokes a blessing on everything he sees for the first time. If you are parting with him he will say: "May God seven-fold prosper you." If he is thanking you he will say: "May God prolong your life." If you sneeze, he will say, "God be with us." If he is very suddenly surprised he will cry out: "A thousand praises to God." If sudden trouble comes upon him he will say: "The cross of Christ about us." If he complains or is in grief, he will console himself by saying, "*O Wirrastbroo*," that is, "O Mary, it is sad," his nature inclining him to ask for sympathy from the Mother of God. He has two names for Mary — *Mary* when given to a

child in Baptism, and *Muire* reserved for the Mother of God alone. If he takes a pinch of snuff from you he will say: "The blessing of God be with the souls of your dead."

And, so, for every little service and in every emergency, he has his beautiful little ejaculatory prayer or salutation, passed off with a grace that nature, refined by Christianity, alone can give. As a matter of fact, the Gaelic Irishman lives and talks and acts as if his holy faith was his very life, the only thing to live for. It seems as if he had been peculiarly predestined to Christianity. A recent French writer remarks that the mysticism and spirituality inherent in the very language of Ireland is one of the Irishman's best safeguards against the infidelity and materialism of the day.

We should love and cherish and cultivate the Irish language, therefore, on account of all it means to us morally as well as intellectually. It preserves our identity as a race and keeps us still in touch with our remote antiquity. Next to our holy Faith it is our most precious inheritance from an ancestry of which we cannot help being proud. It alone is the living monument of the intellectual power and activity of the ancient Irish race.

TRIBUTE IN SOLEMN HIGH MASS FOR DEAD VETERANS¹

IN one of the tragedies of Euripides the first speaker is introduced saying "heko lipon haigaion halmuron bathos," "I have come from the Aegean briny depths." I would fain introduce myself in similar classical fashion and say that I come from the charming valley of the eastern Merrimac to share with you in the patriotic joy and devotion with which you offer the holy mass to-day for those who have striven for Ireland's welfare, and for those also, belonging to the fold of Christ, who have devoted their brawn, their brains and blood for the preservation of this great republic. Looking from any one of the emerald heights or forest-flanked hills of Georgetown or Groveland on the numerous ponds and

¹ Delivered at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, May 30, 1910, on the occasion of a Solemn Requiem High Mass offered under the auspices of the Boston College Central Gaelic School. The original was first delivered in Gaelic.

lakelets that glisten like mirrors in the valleys beneath, one's soul is entranced and one's gaze fascinated by a vision of loveliness that raises one's mind at once to the beautiful and sublime and to the contemplation of the infinite God who alone could paint that inimitable picture and make it reproduce itself with every recurrence of the season. To Him be honor and glory and power forever.

The Author of nature also inspired man's soul with noble sentiments and implanted in it a power of appreciating what is grand and beautiful and heroic in the world of human endeavor and achievement; and it is as a fresh manifestation of this power that you are gathered here to-day.

You are gathered to honor the illustrious Irish dead and to make your love and devotion reach them, even beyond the grave, to glorify God for the triumph of His grace in those who already stand around His throne or who are now passing through purgatorial purification and to hasten the fruition of eternal rest, light and peace for those blessed souls. What grander reward can you give them now for their services to faith and motherland? "It is a holy and a

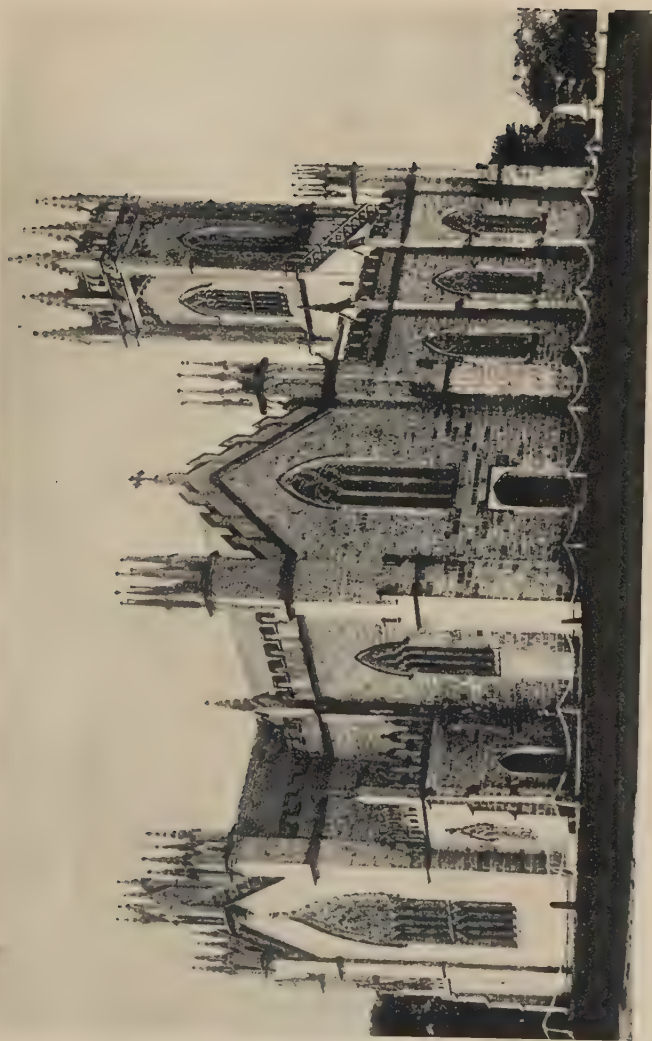
wholesome thought to pray for the dead." Brian, at Clontarf, thought of this when, at his prayers, he was surprised by the angel of death. Daniel O'Connell thought of it when on his toilsome journey to Rome; falling by the wayside he requested that his heart be borne to the Eternal city to be enshrined there in the capital of Christendom. Who can think of the ardor and devotion of this great son of Erin without being ennobled and inspired by the thought? And Father O'Growney lives again to-day in your thoughts and in your hearts and you are reminded of his glorious motto, "For the glory of God and the honor of Ireland." It was to promote the glory of God that he labored for Ireland's welfare and for Ireland's language; for he felt that if it were not done for the glory of God, labor expended on it would have been worse than lost. We think of Archbishop MacHale, whose gigantic labors for Ireland's religion and language can never be forgotten — John MacHale, who felt that even if the Irish language could be wrested from the lips of Irishmen it never could be torn from the soil of Ireland; for it was he who said, "If the Irish language were to perish as a

living language the topography of Ireland, if understood, would be a lasting monument of its significance, its flexibility and its power."

But, my dear friends, we should remember that for us in this country the Irish language can never be anything more than a literary luxury to be enjoyed by the few who have the time, the talent and the taste for it. It has been for many years in the leading universities; and in University College, Liverpool, England, there is even a chair of modern Irish, in the care of Father Kelliher. The new Boston College cannot very well help establishing a Celtic chair, as it is safe to assume that the greatest educational body of our age will not be satisfied with having their university second to any other in this great enlightened nation.

We may look to this college in the future as we now look to the Catholic university at Washington and to Dr. Robinson's "Celtic Colony" at Harvard, to cultivate in America the enlightened taste for Celtic studies that we already find in the great European universities.

In the great range of even the fragmentary remains of the ancient and middle age of Irish literature, we cannot say that we



ST. JARLATH'S CATHEDRAL, TUAM

have anything to offer that can compare in polish and finish with the classics of ancient Greece; for Irish literature presents a sad case of arrested development, and it is a significant fact that the brief period between the close of the Danish wars and the beginning of the English was the golden age of literary activity in Ireland. The astonishing thing is that we have anything at all left, or even that we ourselves are left to tell the tale.

The remains of the old literature are a fitting counterpart to the ruins that cover the face of the old land. How vast that literature must have been we may conjecture from the fact that all that is left of it would fill at least one thousand large octavo volumes, not to speak of all that has been produced since 1650. I regret that time will not allow me to discuss the quality and range of that splendid literature.

Let me say, in fine, my dear friends, that by getting together in little societies and classes for the study of the Irish language you will round out the education you have already received. But you can never hope for success unless you do it all for the honor and glory of

God, the welfare of Ireland being a secondary object and necessarily involved. This was the motto of Father O'Growney, taken from St. Paul.

It ought to be good enough for us. We ought not to be extravagant in our demands. We ought not to avail ourselves of our membership in Gaelic classes to ventilate our folly or air our ignorance, thus bringing into contempt the very cause we set ourselves to advance. We should study the Irish language for its own sake and for the educational advantages we derive from it.

The Boston College Central Gaelic School is conducted with dignity and profit, as is entirely to be expected. May it long continue so! My best wish for the Gaelic schools is that they continue to merit the respect of thinking and enlightened men and prove themselves worthy of the continued encouragement of the Archbishop,¹ by whose cordial permission I address you to-day and to whose luminous intellect and large heart the cause you represent, I take the liberty to say, always appealed.

Do all for the glory of God and the honor of Ireland, and you will win souls to God and

¹ Now Cardinal O'Connell.

hearts to Ireland. They who act from any other motives are not worthy to share in the sacred traditions the Irish language brings down to us from the time when Ireland was known as the island of saints and scholars.

THE CHURCH THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED ¹

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field, which is the least indeed of all seeds, but when it is grown up, it is greater than all herbs and becometh a tree so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof." — MATT. xiii.

ALMIGHTY GOD has bestowed a great grace on the people of this parish to-day. On this day is set in place the corner stone of another beautiful temple, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord. Another beautiful building is about to be added to the Churches of the world. One more home is built for God in The Sacrament of His love. We realize more than ever to-day that He is Emmanuel, God with us, God in our midst, God so near us that we can visit Him whenever and as often as we please, to reveal our

¹ Delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the Church of The Sacred Hearts, Bradford, Mass., Oct. 8, 1910.

hearts to Him, to thank Him in prosperity, and to pray for His assistance and comfort in adversity; and come away refreshed, consoled and wonderfully strengthened by the consciousness that we have been speaking heart-to-heart with our Redeemer, hidden, as He is, under the sacramental veils.

This day shall be memorable for another reason too. It marks one other forward stride in the progress of the Church of God. Nineteen hundred years ago the Divine Master compared the Kingdom of Heaven, which is His Church on earth, to a grain of mustard seed, which is the smallest of all seeds, but grows into a tree large enough to shelter the birds of the air in its branches. The Church was small in its beginnings. Its Founder was crucified. It depended for its propagation on twelve men who were comparatively unlettered and utterly devoid of worldly influence and prestige. On the day of the Ascension it counted one hundred and twenty members. At Pentecost, ten days later, its first Pope preached to a great multitude gathered "from every nation under Heaven" and baptized three thousand of them.

After a few years St. Paul was able to say

in his Epistle to the Colossians, speaking of the Church: 'It is in the whole world and it bears fruit and it grows as among you.' And St. Irenaeus was able to say in the second century that 'Although the languages of the world are different and numerous the force and body of tradition is one and the same, and neither the churches that are situated among the Germanic people hand down anything different or believe anything different; and neither do the churches that are in Spain or Gaul, or in the Orient or in Egypt or in Africa or in the regions of the Mediterranean world believe or hand down anything different, but, like the sun, the Church shines throughout the whole world.'

But it was the Church of the Crucified. It had to go through its baptism of fire. Persecution had been foretold by its Founder, and for three hundred years pagan Rome endeavored to extirpate Christianity. The Christians met in the Catacombs. Persecution soon reached them down there. Their blood flowed freely. Soon the Mass began to be offered on the tombs of martyrs buried down there away from the sunlight, even as it is now offered over the relics of the saints on our altars.

The proud patrician of Rome was too grand to persecute anybody or anything, but he was incited by an element hostile to Christianity, an element whose prejudices and wishes the noblest of the Romans felt bound to respect, because even then they were beginning to control the finances of the world. Later, peace came, and the Church gradually filled every corner of the Roman Empire, and even extended beyond its bounds. Like the sun it filled the whole world with its light. Nevertheless, it had its troubles from within and without.

Innumerable heresies sought to tear asunder the seamless garment of Christ, and the civil power sought to interfere in matters that belonged peculiarly and distinctively to the domain of the Church. Just in the same general way in which the towering ambition of the first Napoleon sought to override God's Church in the nineteenth century, so in earlier ages Henry the Second of England, Henry the Fourth, of Germany, Philip the Fair, of France, and many others, sought to control, or meddle with, papal and episcopal elections, and otherwise usurp Pontifical prerogatives. Henry the Eighth did not care a great deal

about these things. He would have made no trouble if the Pope had given him any kind of an excuse to indulge his unbridled passions.

In spite of all her troubles the Church was able to fulfill her divine mission. As a testimony to her power and influence we shall quote from one of her bitterest enemies, James Anthony Froude. "Never," says he, "never in all their history, in ancient times, or modern, never that we know of, have mankind thrown out of themselves anything so grand, so useful, as the Catholic Church once was. In these times of ours, well-regulated selfishness is the recognized rule of action; every one is expected to look out for himself first and take care of his own interests. At the time I speak of, the Church ruled the state with the authority of a conscience, and self-interest as a motive of action was only named to be abhorred.

"The bishops and clergy were regarded simply and purely as the immediate ministers of the Almighty, and they seemed to me to have really deserved that high estimate of their character; . . . Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, highmindedness, these are

the qualities before which the free-born races of Europe have been contented to bow, and in no order of men were such qualities to be found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church.

“They called themselves the successors of the Apostles; they claimed in their Master’s name, universal spiritual authority, but they made good their pretensions by the holiness of their lives. They were allowed to rule because they deserved to rule, and in the fullness of reverence, kings and nobles bent before a power which was nearer to God than their own. Over prince and subject, chieftain and serf, a body of unarmed, defenceless men reigned supreme by the magic of sanctity.

“They tamed the fiery Northern warriors who had broken in pieces the Roman Empire. They taught them — they brought them really and truly to believe — that they had immortal souls, and that they would one day stand at the awful judgment bar and give an account for their lives there.”

We cannot agree with Froude in his implication that this eulogy is true of the Catholic Church only as she was six hundred years ago;

but we can find no better words to show in brief what her power and influence were when she was shaping and organizing European society, and when, under her fostering care, the present European nations were rising from the chaotic conditions in which she had found them.

But the cross hung over her still. It seemed as if all the heresies of the earlier ages, and all the opposition encountered from ambitious rulers, had combined in one terrific blast to wreck her in the religious revolt of the sixteenth century. But it only served to invigorate her discipline and fasten its grasp more tightly. The Holy Ghost was with her and in her. Christ was in Peter's bark although he seemed to be sleeping, but there was no danger that that bark should perish.

In this sixteenth century revolt, the Vicar of Christ, rather than sacrifice one iota of Christian principle or morality, gave up some of the fairest nations of Northern Europe, but as Lord Macaulay beautifully expresses it the Church was more than compensated in the New World for her losses in the Old. Macaulay was evidently thinking of the extension of the Catholic Faith to the southern half of this

continent by the Spaniards and the Portuguese. He may have been thinking of Florida and New Orleans and Mexico and California, but he never could have foreseen the marvelous growth of the Church here in the United States. He died in 1859.

If he only could have foreseen the growth within the small area of this diocese alone; if he only could have foreseen us to-day assisting our bishop in laying the corner stone of a new church edifice here in the beautiful Merimac valley, he could have enriched the English language with another of the rhetorical flourishes in which he delighted. It was not that he loved the Church, but that he was compelled to admire it.

You, my dear friends, have the proud privilege of being citizens of this country which in its dimensions is so suggestive of Catholicity or universal diffusion, while still holding close organic unity; verily a grand and suitable home for the Catholic Church. The grain of mustard seed has grown into the stately tree; its branches have multiplied and its foliage extends far and wide, affording a shelter for all the four continents."

A GAELIC CHAIR IN THE NEW BOSTON COLLEGE¹

LOOKING back over the past one hundred and fifty years, one cannot help observing that the vicissitudes in the affairs of Ireland are of world-wide significance and interest. Civil and political liberty were gone. The Catholic religion alone remained. It seemed impossible to eradicate this from the heart of the nation. The Irish language, the great badge of Irish distinctive nationality, was all but gone. Yet, out of this great loss the providence of God brought incalculable good. The English language in the mouth of the Irishman became the means through which the gospel was successfully preached, and the Church successfully re-established among the English-speaking peoples. And now that this

¹ An address delivered by Rev. M. P. Mahon at a Gaelic School entertainment in Boston College Hall January 24, 1909. The original of this was delivered in Gaelic.

is accomplished the Irish nation, with magnificent intellectual tone and taste, sets itself to the work of rescuing the grand inheritance of its language, and what is left of its literature, from the wreckage of a thousand years. When we consider the almost incessant struggle that Ireland has been obliged to maintain since the close of the eighth century against the enemies of her nationality, religion and learning, — for even the Danes burned her churches, schools and libraries, the depositaries of her intellectual stores, — we are astounded at the fact that her classical literature, coming down from the most ancient times to the seventeenth century alone, would fill, according to the most conservative estimate, at least one thousand large octavo volumes. Time will not allow me to describe the influences that led to the present vigorous revival of Gaelic learning or to mention even the names of the illustrious men who pressed it irresistibly forward. I must pass them all by, and come to the heroic figure of the man who anticipated the work of the Gaelic League, who was in fact a veritable Gaelic League in himself, the great ecclesiastic who early in the last century took every

precaution that a giant mind could take, that the Irish language should not die, that the poor of his diocese who still spoke Irish should have a catechism and various doctrinal and devotional books in the language which alone could awake the deepest sentiments of their souls;—the man who enriched the literature of his country by adding to it what he himself called the most sublime of the ancient poets and the most refined of the modern, in mellifluous Irish translations of the *Iliad* of Homer, and of the melodies of Moore. This old man, John MacHale, thirteen years before his death, but already at the age of eighty-one, on completing the eighth book of the *Iliad*, made, in the preface to that book, the pathetic statement: “It is probable that the labors of my translation of the *Iliad* shall close, and that I shall resign to some other hands the task of enriching further our Irish literature with a translation of the remainder of Homer’s magnificent *Iliad*, and, perhaps, I may hope, of his no less charming poem of the *Odyssey*.” The herculean labors of John MacHale for faith and fatherland have long since come to a close. But the charge that he left to the Irish race

has been taken up, if not literally, at least substantially, not only in his own College of St. Jarlath and in the colleges of Ireland generally; but far away from the Irish shores, in the heart of New England, under the fostering care of the greatest educational body in the world, and with the blessing of our Most Reverend Archbishop, the last wish of the Archbishop of Tuam, the desire of every enlightened and patriotic Irish mind and of every lover of the most profound linguistic study, is beginning to receive full realization. The Irish language has found its way into Boston College. May it never leave these halls! And when our greatest Catholic educational institution of New England on University Heights is a reality, may it be our pride and our glory to furnish the means to establish and equip there a chair representing our language, literature and history, a chair filled by some Jesuit worthy of the order of which Rev. Edmund Hogan, the great Celticist of Dublin, is a member.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

ST. PATRICK AND THE FRUITS OF HIS LABORS¹

A GAIN we are keeping St. Patrick's Day; and, although it comes each year, our welcome for it shall never grow less. The joy and the gladness it brings to our hearts shall never diminish but shall be always as fresh and as new, as in the time of our youth, on the hill-sides, in the glens and along the emerald banks of the crystal-clear, limpid rivers of the "Island of Saints."

It is not for us alone who were born in Ireland that this day is significant, but for every man and woman, descended from the Irish race, wherever they happen to be under heaven. There are many others whose hearts are aglow with gratitude to God on this day; for they bring to mind that they received from St. Patrick, through his children, the greatest gift

¹ This is a translation of an Irish article which appeared in the March number of the *Gael* in 1900. It follows the original rather closely.

God gives, a knowledge of himself and of His holy will and of the means by which we may attain eternal happiness when we leave this life. It awakens tender memories in the exile of Erin. His heart goes back to the home of his fathers, that he left, without hope of returning. We all grow exultant with national pride, as the day reminds us of the many glories reflected on Ireland from the light of her noble and honorable career in history.

It is over fourteen hundred years since Patrick came to Ireland. Stout and steadfast still, and always will be, the edifice of faith that he built in the island.

In what condition did he find the nation? As to learning and manners the people were far ahead of their British neighbors, as they had been, indeed, four hundred years before in the time of Tacitus, the Roman writer who wrote the "Life of Agricola," the Roman Conqueror of Britain. That learned writer put Ireland thus on record although he had never seen it; and his testimony shows that that was Erin's fame throughout Europe at the time. It is clear from many other sources that Patrick found the people far advanced in civilization,

and in the cultivation of the arts and sciences. They were magnanimous, clear-minded; and it was undoubtedly due to these mental and moral endowments, next to the grace of God, that they yielded so completely and universally to the wonderful doctrines the apostle expounded to them. Needless to state their advanced cultivation of Poetry and Music; the latter often called "Oirfidect," after Orpheus the God of Music. The "Senchas Mor," or code of Brehow Laws, stands forever as a monument of their knowledge of law and love of order. The great collections of Annals attest their love of history. There were no people under the sun who held learning and its professors in higher esteem. The representative of the highest knowledge sat at the right hand of the king.

Had they any knowledge of God before Patrick came? They had made efforts to attain to a knowledge of the Supreme being. Only a few had heard the name of the Redeemer. The light of the Gospel had not yet shone through the island. They were adoring idols, adoring the sun and the moon and the stars; and there was not a stream or valley or hill

that was not peopled with invisible beings who had a guiding and controlling influence over the affairs of men. From this paganism, clean, as it was, for paganism, St. Patrick converted them, and when he had labored among them for sixty years, the shadows of this darkness passed away forever. The name of the Redeemer with the name of His Virgin Mother was on every tongue and the Mass celebrated at thousands of altars. He had gained for Christ the whole of a nation, which he had found almost all pagan.

Soon the lamp of Christian knowledge and the light of Faith began to extend its rays from Ireland to the continent and soon the home of our fathers was called the island of saints and scholars. Bishops and priests and nuns left the shores of Erin and spread the faith in many of the nations of Europe and helped materially to check the wave of heresy that was sweeping through the Christian countries.

For three hundred years prosperity and peace prevailed.

When Ireland received the faith, she also received the cross, and bravely and splendidly has she carried the cross to this day. She

zealously followed in the footsteps of Christ, as it was her destiny to carry His cross and explain what it means in every land under the sun. If you have any doubts about these things, good reader, remember that our people were driven to all parts of the world by religious persecution and famine, and that they brought with them the faith of St. Patrick, and that they raised great churches and temples, and that they placed the cross in all the glory of its gold, high in the air, on steeple and tower, shining there on high, in the sunlight.

Every day of his life the saint prayed that God might make the faith of the Irish indestructible. History tells how his prayer was heard and granted. Wonderful is what we see today. The edifice of the faith of our fathers still standing, though assailed so frequently and fiercely by persecution. For three hundred years the Danes desolated the country, directing their fury with equal force against state and church. At last the right hand of Brian held aloft the crucifix on the plain of Clontarf. The aged king told his brave men they were fighting for the cross as well as for the flag; and the battle that ensued broke forever the

power of the Danes in Ireland. Peace came again. But it soon took wing. War came again and although it has been raging in one form or another for over 700 years it is certain that it is not over yet. It is not for national freedom alone that it has been waged all those centuries, but for freedom of conscience as well. Ever since the sixteenth century, they have endeavored to destroy the Church in Ireland, to nullify the work of St. Patrick, but they have completely failed. The faith of Ireland is as strong and vigorous to-day as ever, and neither suffering nor persecution can root it from the hearts of the Irish people.

IRELAND AND THE CHURCH¹

ROME has been the instrument in the hands of God's providence to enable the Irish to carry out their destiny and, in the fulfillment of it to achieve, a "primacy among the races."² History more than sustains the claim that Ireland was destined to be the greatest Christianizing, and consequently the greatest civilizing power in the world. Is this an idle boast? Let us see. We start out with the theory that there can be no true or lasting civilization unless it be based on Christianity.

Ireland received the faith from St. Patrick, who was sent to her shores by Pope St. Celestine I. in A.D. 432. So true has she been to the Vicar of Christ since then that her face has been turned ever towards the Eternal City. It became a passion with her children to visit the shrines of the Apostles.

Germanus, the Younger, a disciple and fellow-worker of St. Patrick, is seen weeping for joy at the tombs of Sts. Peter and Paul. St. Enda, "the virginal saint of the Arran Islands,"

¹ First delivered as a lecture.

² Quoted from Cardinal O'Connell.

receives Holy Orders from the Pope himself. St. Carthage is consecrated in Rome; and St. Lazerian, who studied in Rome, was ordained priest by St. Gregory the Great and consecrated bishop by Pope Honorius I. We find the signature of Bishop Sedulius,¹ an Irishman, affixed to the decrees of a council held in Rome in 721. From the earliest times, the closest bonds of union have existed between the Irish bishops and the Vicar of Christ.

These facts are attested, not by Irishmen alone, but by German archaeologists who were jealous of the purity of the Christian teachings brought to their country by Irish missionaries.

It was by their proverbial loyalty to the See of Rome that the Irish merited the title of "Papists," which was coined for their special benefit in Reformation times. Like the cross it was a badge of dishonor, but, like the cross also, it betokens the highest Christian dignity.

Ireland had no sooner received the faith of Christ than she began to repay Rome, her greatest of benefactors, by becoming her most powerful auxiliary in spreading the light of the

¹ The Christian Virgil, as he is called, wrote the *Carmen Paschale*.

Gospel among the nations. M. Paul Dubois, a recent French writer, tells us, in his *l'Irlande Contemporaine*, that "Ireland, by excellence a missionary nation, has well merited the title of 'Mother of all the Catholic churches of the Anglo-Saxon world.'"

She has heroically fulfilled through her priests of the nineteenth century, as well as through her monks of the seventh, this supreme function of the Apostle, "to be a wanderer for Christ." It is hardly necessary to show that as far as the work of the priesthood in modern times or in the present generation is concerned this great writer of France does not, as he could not, narrow down this splendid tribute to the splendid priests who came directly from the Emerald Isle, but that he intended it also for and that it must be extended to the great priesthood and the brilliant hierarchy who have sprung from the loins of the great levitical race and who now control the destinies of the Church wherever the English language is spoken.

There is no priest of Irish blood in the world who does not feel that the mantle of the "soggarth aroon" of the Irish penal times has fallen on his shoulders. The dignity that he

receives from the example of his heroic prototype adds, if possible, an additional mark of nobleness to his holy calling.

M. Paul-Dubois tells us, speaking of All Hallows College, Dublin, that "it seems to be the mission of the Irish in the nineteenth century to establish Catholicism in the Anglo-Saxon countries beyond the sea, as it was the mission of the ancient Irish to instruct those of continental Europe in the faith."

His implication that these English-speaking places are Anglo-Saxon we repudiate, but his assertion that the Irish brought the faith among them is so evidently true that it would seem foolish to set about proving it. All we have to do is to appeal to any collection of statistics or to the ecclesiastical directory. It is a matter that cannot be concealed or exaggerated.

When did the missionary career of the Irish begin? Christianity already flourished in Ireland in isolated spots before St. Patrick's coming. There were very few such spots indeed, but they were numerous enough for their influence to be felt along the western coast of England and in the interior of Wales and Cornwall. But if they added a little fuel to the

flame of Christianity in Britain, they were only giving back what they had received.

But after the coming of St. Patrick and the conversion of the whole island the missionary activity of the Irish became astounding. We cannot dwell on the life-work of the men who went out from the great School of Clonard. We can merely point to St. Columbkille founding the Monastery of Hy or Iona in Scotland, Christianizing that country and through his monks reaching the Orkney Islands, the Hebrides, Iceland and very probably Greenland. We cannot dwell on the holy life or trace the footsteps of his disciple, St. Aidan, the first bishop of Lindisfarne, and, with St. Paulinus, the Apostle of Northumbria.

All over the face of Europe, the far eastern portion alone, as far as we know, excepted, we may trace the footsteps of the bright bands that left Bangor and other famous schools to restore to the Church and to Christ nations that had been relapsing into paganism or which had not yet heard the Gospel of Christ or whose Christianity was infected with heresy.

St. Fridolin, who gained the friendship and encouragement of King Clovis in his mission-

ary labors, was the first child of St. Patrick to look out on the River Rhine. To the present day his memory is held in benediction by the people of the Upper Rhine.

Then we have the famous Columbanus going out from the halls of Bangor with twelve companions and landing in France, where they preached penance to those who had been baptized Catholics but were falling back into paganism. He founded the Monastery of Luxueil, which he governed for twenty years. He then went to Menz in Germany and soon afterwards to Tuggen. He settled down next with his monks at Bregenz on the shores of the beautiful Lake Constance; and the account is extant of the ancient rite by which he reconsecrated the church there that had been desecrated by idolatry and superstition.

The remarkable thing is that that ancient rite he is reported to have used is exactly the same as the ceremony used by the Church to-day for the same purpose. He stayed three years at Bregenz; then passed over to Lombardy, where he founded the celebrated Monastery of Bobbio, which he ruled but one year. He died Nov. 21, A.D. 615.

St. Gall was one of the companions of Columbanus. He did not go into Italy with him. He did apostolic work in Switzerland. The Canton of St. Gall in that country was named after him. Montalembert remarks that "when he died the entire country of the Alemans had become a Christian province, and round his cell were already collected the rudiments of the great monastery which under the same name of St. Gall was to become one of the most celebrated schools of Christendom and one of the principal centers of intellectuality in the Germanic world."

The first monastery ever built in German Switzerland still stands. It was erected by St. Sigisbert, an Irishman, in the seventh century. "It is an interesting and pleasing fact for Irish Catholics," says Bishop Stang, "that an Irish monk won and sanctified with his illustrious life and heroic works the very source of the River Rhine, which takes its rise near Dissentis, where the mountains are capped with eternal snow and the thundering avalanches are proclaiming the infinite power of that Mighty God whom Sigisbert announced to the inhabitants."

Then also we have St. Killian, who is honored as the apostle of Franconia — that is, of Northern Bavaria. St. Killian found these people pagan; but before preaching to them he went to Rome to get his divine commission directly from the Vicar of Christ. “If it be the will of God,” said he, “when we shall have obtained the sanction of the Apostolic See, we shall return again to this people and preach to them the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

St. Killian returned to Wurzburg in 687. He and his companions suffered martyrdom on account of their noble defence of the marriage bond. Their bodies and all their belongings were thrown into a deep pit; but about a century later all that could be found of their relics was gathered and given a permanent resting place in the Cathedral of Wurzburg by Bishop Burkhardt.

The apostle of Southern Germany had loved the ancient Franks and had succeeded in winning them to Christ, but he gained his crown like St. John the Baptist by denouncing the scandalous life of a local tyrant.

Then there is St. Disibod, whose name is commemorated in Disibodenberg, a romantic

elevation in the Rhenish palatinate. And there is Virgilius or Farrell, who anticipated Copernicus in his discovery of the earth's sphericity. He had many scientific discussions with St. Boniface; and although the theories that he was advancing were misrepresented in Rome by men who did not understand them or their corollaries, that fact did not prevent Stephen II from making him Bishop of Salzburg in 756.

Irishmen living in continental Europe in the Middle Ages and in early Christian times took Latin names, and hence his name Fearghaill, or Farrell, is changed to Virgilius. He died, Nov, 27, in the year 784, and was canonized in 1233.

All this chimes in perfectly with what St. Bernard says of the Irish. In his life of St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, he says that "from Ireland as from an overflowing stream crowds of holy men descended on foreign countries."

And the Count de Montalembert bears testimony to this love of evangelizing. He says that "a most distinctive characteristic of the Irish monks, as of all their nation, was the imperious necessity of spreading themselves

without, of seeking or carrying knowledge or faith afar, and of penetrating into the most distant regions to watch or combat paganism. This monastic nation therefore became the missionary nation par excellence."

And they carried the doctrines of the faith whithersoever they went, free from the slightest taint of heresy or schism.

Dr. Dollinger, speaking of those early ages, says: "Among the Irish the doctrines of the Christian religion were preserved pure and entire, the names of heresy or schism were not known to them; and in the Bishop of Rome they acknowledged and venerated the supreme head of the Church on earth and continued with him, and through him, with the whole Church in a never interrupted communion."

There is hardly a doubt, however, but that the grandest work of the Irish is that for which persecution at home had prepared them. The foundations of the great work they have done for the Church in modern times were laid in the penal times.

When M. Paul-Dubois says that the Irish were predestined to Christianity it is impossible

to contradict him. The facts are all in his favor, and the designs of God's providence are very visible in the facts. In Reformation times plantations and confiscations deprived them of any kind of existence in the eye of the law.

Archbishop Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, Ill., after traveling through Ireland, wrote as follows: "What need of history's blood-stained page to tell the sad story of Ireland's wrongs and Ireland's woes? O'Connell never spoke as speak these roofless cathedrals, these broken walls and crumbling arches, those fallen columns and shattered crosses. The traveler who in Jerusalem beholds the weary and worn children of Israel sitting in helpless grief amid the scattered stones of Solomon's Temple need not be told how the enemies of the Holy City compassed her about; how the sword and famine and the devouring flame swallowed up the people; how her walls were broken down, her holy of holies profaned, her priests slaughtered, her streets made desolate until not a stone was left upon a stone.

"The massacres of Wexford and Drogheda; the confiscation in a single day of half the land of Ireland; the driving of her people into the

ports of Munster to be shipped to regions of pestilence and death; the expulsion of every Catholic from the rich fields of Ulster; the exile of the whole nation beyond the Shannon; the violated treaty of Limerick, are but the episodes in this tragedy of centuries. Even the Penal Code, the most hideous and inhuman legislation ever enacted by Christian or pagan people, tells but half the story.

“That the Irish Catholic had for centuries been held in bondage by a law which violated every good and generous sentiment of the human heart I knew. He could not vote, he could not bear witness, he could not bring suit, he could not sit on a jury, he could not go to school, he could not teach school, he could not practice law or medicine, he could not travel five miles from home, he could own nothing which he might not be forced to give up or renounce his faith; he could not keep or use any kind of weapon, even in self-defense; his children were offered bribes to betray him; he could not hear Mass; he could not receive the sacraments; in his death agony the priest might not be near to console him.

“All this I knew, and yet I never realized

the condition to which such inhuman legislation must reduce a people. That this code, which Montesquieu said must have been contrived by devils and which Burke declared to be the fittest instrument ever invented by man to degrade and destroy a nation, had failed to accomplish its fiendish purpose, I also knew."

What does the same learned prelate, himself of English descent, say of Catholicity in England? "The separation," he says, "of England from the Church was more complete than that of any other Protestant nation whose influence is important. In France, in Austria, in Poland, in Bavaria and in Belgium the Catholic cause was victorious, while considerable portions of Germany and Holland remained true to the old faith; and the rights of the Catholic populations on the continent of Europe were guaranteed by the Treaty of Westphalia in the middle of the seventeenth century.

"In England, on the contrary, the Catholic Church may be said to have altogether ceased to exist, and nothing was left undone to make its return forever impossible. For two centuries the English government did everything that human power could do to make it im-

possible for any one to be a Catholic and be free; to be a Catholic and to be educated; to be a Catholic and to have wealth or office or influence.”

But there was a future for Catholicity. There was a future for it in Ireland. Its flame could not be extinguished in its last sanctuary in the English-speaking world. For various causes the penal laws against the Catholics began to be relaxed. Soon Daniel O’Connell was able to form his Catholic Association. He got himself elected to Parliament. He was no sooner inside the door than out. His dramatic refusal to take the blasphemous oath called the attention of the world to the one thing that kept Catholics out of Parliament; that kept the Catholics of England from having anything to say in making the laws of the land they were ready to die for.

Soon the words that galled the Catholic conscience were expunged, just as that other barbarous oath¹ was expurgated by the Irish the other day. Soon O’Connell entered the British Parliament and with him all the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland.

¹ The clause in The Coronation Oath, declaring the Mass a “damnable idolatry.”

“The year 1829,” says Bishop Spalding, “was for the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland what the victory of Constantine at the Milvian Bridge had been for the early Christians.”

At that date the Church in England was governed by vicars apostolic. In 1840 Gregory XVI doubled the number of these; and in 1850 Pius IX restored the hierarchy with an archbishop and twelve bishops.

Soon we see a tremendous Roman Catholic reaction in England, and Cardinal Manning was able to say: “The Catholic Church in Ireland and England has at this day a solid unity of mutual coöperation such as it never had since Armagh and Canterbury were founded. In the Vatican Council no saint had so many mitred sons as St. Patrick; and wonderful are the ways of God — no single power on earth had there a hierarchy so numerous, gathered from the ends of the earth, as our own. These things are not without a future.”

Loyal Englishman as the great Cardinal was, he is proud to count himself in with the children of St. Patrick. Nowhere else on earth could he have found a place. His forefathers and his nation had broken with Augustine in break-

ing with the Pope. The sons of St. Patrick brought him back, as they were then, and are now, fast bringing back his countrymen.

It would be needless to dwell on the importance, power and influence of the Irish element in the Church throughout the English-speaking world today. Take away that element from the Church in that particular world and what have you left?

From all parts of the world there are good Catholics now coming into the United States. They are fast learning English and becoming one people with us. And the day is surely coming when nature shall have completed her work of welding us all into one great American people, irrespective of race; and it will inevitably be found that the Irish are the leaven that will have leavened the whole mass and saved it to Christianity, to God and country.

TRADITION CONCERNING ST. BRENDAN'S VOYAGE TO THIS WESTERN CONTINENT

THE mention of St. Brendan brings the mind back at once to beautiful Kerry.

A man's early environment has a great deal to do with the formation of his character, the trend of his aspirations, and the development of his emotional nature. So we begin this notice of St. Brendan with Macaulay's beautiful piece of word-painting.

"The southwestern part of Kerry," says he, "is now well known as the most beautiful tract in the British Isles. The mountains, the glens, the capes stretching far out into the Atlantic, the crags on which the eagles build, the rivulets branching down rocky passes, the lakes overhung by groves in which the wild deer find covert, attract every summer crowds of wanderers sated with business and the pleasures of great cities.

“The beauties of that country are often indeed hidden in the mist and rain that the west wind brings up from the boundless ocean. But on rare days when the sun shines out in his glory, the landscape has a freshness and warmth of coloring seldom found in our latitude. The myrtle loves the soil. The arbutus thrives better than in Calabria. The turf has a livelier hue than elsewhere. The hills glow with a richer purple. The varnish of the holly and the ivy is more glossy, and berries of a brighter red peep through foliage of a brighter green.”

And an Irish writer, Thomas O'Neill Russell, speaking of one particular spot in Kerry, the famous Killarney Lakes and the surrounding mountains, says that it seems as if the Almighty had put forth a special effort to crowd as much scenic beauty as possible within an area of ten square miles.

And then, speaking of the furze and the heath that cover the sides and sometimes the tops of the mountains of Kerry, and which, on account of the softness and mildness of the climate, grow and blossom there with a luxuriance unknown in any other country, he

says that when a great mountain in the sunlight of a bright September day becomes a mighty bouquet of purple and gold a sight is revealed which surpasses anything on earth in floral beauty.

Such were the scenes within easy reach of the youth Brendan; such were the mountain tops from which he gazed out on the Atlantic to the West.

It is hard to imagine anything more beautiful than the tradition that came down from pagan times in Ireland and filled the minds even of Erin's early saints. It was the belief that somewhere in the western regions of the ocean there was some kind of an Elysium, or undefined and therefore all the more beautiful paradise.

It was the Tir Na N-og, the land of the young to which Ossian repaired on his milk-white steed with "Niam of the golden hair." It was the specter island said to be visible from Arran in the evening. It was situated on the verge of the western horizon on the Atlantic.

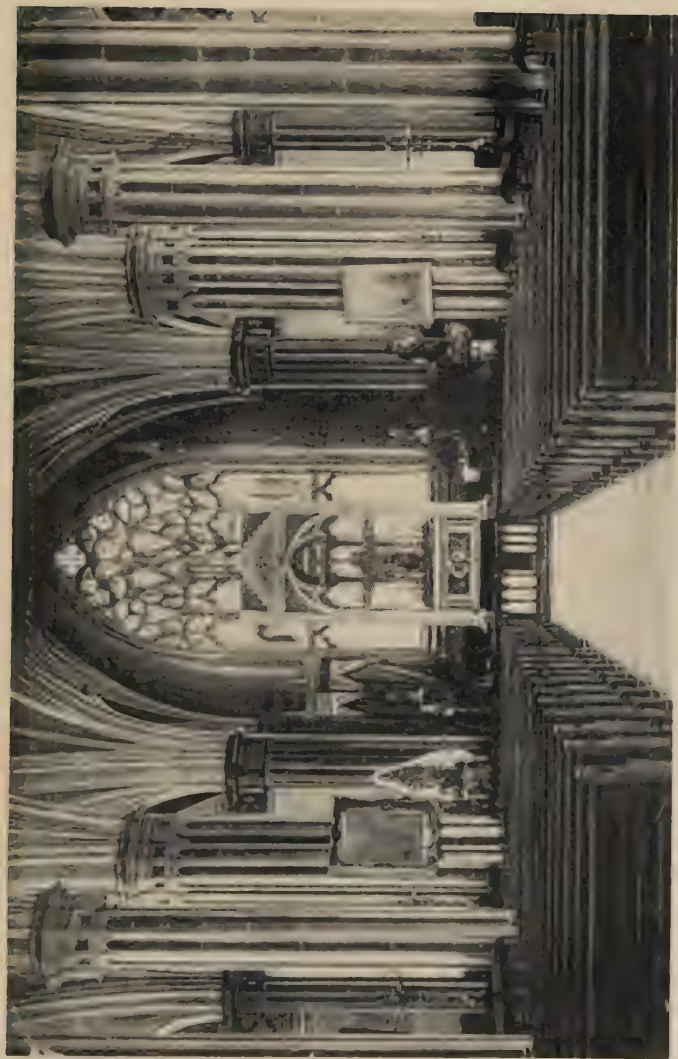
We fear it is impossible to prove that St. Brendan discovered America. But there are solid reasons for believing that the Irish landed

on this western continent several hundred years before Columbus did. It seems certain that Christianity got as far as Greenland and that it was brought there from Ireland.

John Gilmary Shea, who is certainly to be taken seriously as an historian, tells us in his "New History of the Catholic Church in the United States" that "when the still pagan Northmen discovered Iceland in the eighth century of our present era, they found on the shore crosses, bells and sacred vessels of Irish workmanship. The island had therefore been visited by Catholic missionaries, and the Irish clergy may with justice lay claim to the discovery of the New World.

Dicuil, an Irish geographer, wrote a book "De Mensura Orbis Terrarum" about the year 825, and he proved that the Irish discovered Iceland, the Orkneys and the Faroe Islands in Christian times, and established the Church in these places.

And about the authority of Dicuil himself it may be well to say that his book was published in recent times by a Frenchman, who discovered that that geographer's description of the measurements of the Pyramids a thousand



INTERIOR ST. JARLATT'S CATHEDRAL, TUAM

years ago tallied with his own. We have this on the authority of Douglas Hyde.

There is another testimony worth quoting. "Antioch," writes Professor G. Stokes, "about A.D. 600, was the centre of Greek culture and Greek erudition, and 'The Chronicle of Mal-lalas,' as embodied in Niebuhr's series of Byzantine historians, is a mine of information on many questions; but compare it with the Irish work of Dicuil and its mistakes are laughable."

The reliability, then, of Dicuil being established, it is clearly to be seen how the religious articles of Irish manufacture came to be found in Iceland by the subsequent Scandinavian discoverers.

That the glory of the planting of the Faith in Greenland is due to the Irish there is very little doubt. But when it is asked whether the Irish were here before the Norsemen specious arguments can be adduced on either side of the question. The Scandinavian people were inclined to the belief that the Irish preceded them here and certain Norse sagas undoubtedly encouraged that belief. But it can never be proved to a nicety.

Far be it from us to put the holy Abbot

Brendan in the light of one making extravagant claims. His search for a solitude in the ocean where he could be alone with God was the thought of a man of eminent sanctity. His hope of discovering other lands whose people he might gain over to the True Faith showed the zeal of the missionary of those truly apostolic times.

His voyages to Brittany and Wales, to Iona and to Arran, showed his great desire to converse with other great servants of God, especially St. Gildas, St. Columkille and St. Enda.

But the idea that he sailed from the coast of Kerry or from Arran with his curragh supplied with provisions for five weeks and with a crew of thirty men, and that after many strange adventures he landed in this continent somewhere on the shore of what is now Virginia, and that after a fifteen days' walk inland, he and his companions reached a river now identified as the Ohio — all this seems absolutely incredible.

How could he ever have got back to Ireland? Of course, people of unusual ingenuity will come to our rescue at once on this question. St. Brendan, like many other

saints suffered a great deal from his biographers. And yet these appear to have thought they were making a serious record.

That St. Brendan could have reached Greenland from Iceland or the Faroe Islands could be entirely possible, however extremely improbable. But as long as no one says he did, what is the use of losing our time over it?

There is no doubt in the world but that he was a great navigator. His voyages are classed into two great ones; the first consisting in a series of trips along the coast and across to the mainland of Brittany, Britain and Caledonia; the second was his great western trip in search of the Earthly Paradise.

His minor voyages are of more importance on account of the influence certain incidents occurring in them are pretty certain to have had on European literature. The "*Navigatio Brendani*,"¹ a Latin account of his life and voyages, attracted much attention in Europe, and some very ancient copies of it are to be found in many of the great continental libraries. Gerald Barry,

¹ Charles Plummer, A.M., (Oxford), has incorporated this in his "*Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*," published in two volumes in 1910.

otherwise known as Giraldus Cambrensis, in his "Topographica Hibernica" appeals to it in support of some theory that he was advancing. Gerald Barry, a monk of Wales, flourished in the twelfth century. Such men as M. Jubinal and Karl Schroeder have edited and published the "Navigatio" from manuscripts preserved in Paris, Leipsic and Wolfenbittel; and Cardinal Moran has given to the world, in a similar way, a ninth-century manuscript of it that he is said to have found in the Vatican Library.

There is a distinct department of ancient Irish literature classed as "Imrama" or voyages. The imram proper was the voyage that a man made voluntarily, as for pleasure or discovery. The word itself, in which the reader will easily recognize the Latin word, *remus*, meaning an oar, suggests the idea of rowing about for any kind of reason.

The "luingeas," a division or subdivision of this class of stories, indicates the voyages that were taken more or less against one's will, such as in penance, flight from an enemy or banishment.

All these navigation stories, the Christian as well as the pagan, are surrounded by a

thick mist of fable. In regard to the pagan stories this is easy enough to understand. In regard to the Christian stories it can be nothing more or less than the mythological element dragging on and surrounding the nucleus of fact with a sufficiently dense obscurity, almost, to hide it from view. It seems generally conceded, as it is certainly natural, that fable cannot subsist without a nucleus of fact.

In spite of all fable, St. Brendan remains the greatest navigator of the ancient Gael, and deserves to be regarded as the patron saint of sea-faring men. Thomas D'Arcy Magee, in one of his poems beautifully styles him the "Columbus of the Gael." On account of his friendship with St. Jarlath of Tuam, and his frequent visits to him, and also his founding of the Monastery of Clonfert and his long residence there, many great writers thought St. Brendan was born in Connaught; but it is certain that he was born in Kerry and brought up under the care of St. Ita, the patroness of that county.

Butler's *Lives of the Saints* tells us that: "He is named in the Roman Martyrology on the sixteenth of May, on which he passed to bliss, in the year 578, in the ninety-fourth year of his age."

IRELAND AND ST. PATRICK

ST. PATRICK'S DAY never wears out its welcome. It is with us again; and every recurrence of it rekindles the old enthusiasm; a feeling that grows steadily warmer as ages go by; a feeling, which, with the help of God's grace, is partly the cause, and partly the evidence of the growing solidity of our attachment to the faith of our fathers. Did St. Patrick ever dream that his work would be so consistently perpetual and so conspicuously widespread? His constant prayer that the faith of the Irish should never fail has often been referred to as one of the causes of our fidelity. No doubt it is. Who could be impious enough to think otherwise? What have not the saints accomplished by prayer and penitential fasts? The Angles and Saxons almost completely destroyed the work of the earlier Apostles of Britain. Yet there can be no doubt that these apostles also prayed fervently and persistently that the fruit of their labors might remain.

But there is always the cockle-sower and the destroyer. The Church that St. Patrick established in Ireland and the doctrine that he preached are as fresh and vigorous on Irish soil to-day as when they were first committed by Our Divine Lord Himself to the care and custody of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles and Vicar of Christ on Earth, who was made Vicar of Christ and sole visible head of the Church by our Divine Lord Himself and with an authority that was to be transmitted to his successors in order that, in the language of St. Jerome "all occasion of schism or division might be removed."

In Ireland the cockle-sower has been abroad and some of the seed that he has sown has thrived, but never in sufficient abundance to choke the genuine grain or even to endanger its growth. The line of demarcation between the genuine and the spurious has been jealously guarded. The Catholic Church that St. Patrick brought from Rome was the only one that ever fitted in Ireland. Every other religious or quasi-religious body or church was, and is now, a distinct exotic; something that did not seem to enjoy a consciousness of being in the

right place; something that all the resources of a great empire, all the cunning of law-makers, all the sagacity of able statesmen could not keep in possession. The Church that was imposed on the people by an act of parliament had to go. That such a rank injustice could have been done the people as to tax them for a church in which they did not believe, and this only fifty or sixty years ago, seems inconceivable. In the light of it all we can more easily understand the spirit that animated the makers of the Penal Laws. One thing is certain. Any church that is not traceable to St. Patrick, and through him to the Pope, is to the Irishman to-day, as it always has been, a "Team-poll Gallda" or *foreign church*, and that is enough to condemn it. So thoroughly had St. Patrick indoctrinated the Irish mind and trained the Irish heart, so abundantly had his work been blessed by the giver of all graces, and so faithful had the Irish been to the gift they had received, that no man-made church or religion, substituted for that of Jesus Christ could by any possibility be imposed on any considerable body of the Irish people. The most unlettered Irishman would at once detect

the fraud. There was something in his blood and bone that made him feel it was all wrong. He had an instinctive abhorrence for novelty in religion. He could not be got to believe that Christ left his work unfinished. He had an instinctive disgust for him who tried to introduce schism or heresy. Reverence for sacred things and sacred persons was so deep in his soul that he had a horror of sacrilege. He had a passion for religion and that passion was simply the evidence of the firm hold that the grace of faith had taken in his soul.

The people of Ireland cannot claim, of course, that their land is entirely free from heretical cockle. But they can claim that what is there is not native to the soil, that it never felt at home there, and that it is distinctly un-Irish, and perfectly true to its character of protesting. It protests even against the efforts of the Catholic to gain the rights he ought to enjoy as a citizen of his own country. The Irish Catholic hates error, especially in a matter of such supreme importance and necessity as religion, but it cannot be said of him, with any show of truth, that he entertains unfriendly feelings towards the erring one. He

shows sincere respect for his Protestant neighbor when that neighbor is worthy; profound consideration when that neighbor is unworthy. No matter how far above him his Protestant neighbor may be in worldly advantages and prestige; no matter what splendid natural qualities of mind and heart he may discern in that neighbor, he will not in the least incline towards him in matters of religion. He knows race distinction. That has to be. In fact, he is very keen to it. But he does not harbor race hatred. Unflinching devotion to principle has often in him been mistaken for that blind passion. This is particularly so when there is question of religious principle. Ireland ages ago might have willingly united her fortunes with those of the larger island close by; but when that island changed her faith, or to speak more correctly, was robbed of it, Ireland held aloof. She might, without dishonor, have compromised her nationality a little, as Scotland had done, but she felt she could take no chances that would endanger the integrity and purity of the faith she had received from St. Patrick, and which concerned, directly, not the temporal, but the eternal welfare of her children. The

Irish Catholic preferred the chains that "clanked o'er his rags" to any favors that he could gain or any importance that he could achieve by a surrender of his holy faith.

"The glorious St. Patrick did a work so great," says Cardinal Newman, "that he could not have a successor in it, the sanctity and learning and zeal and charity which followed on his death being but the result of the one impulse which he gave." St. Patrick left his work finished. He had been sent to Ireland by Pope St. Celestine the First in 432. In his youth he had been in Ireland six years, a slave; and had, in consequence, become perfectly conversant with the language of the country. Strange as it may seem, a peculiar love for the Irish people got possession of him, and remained with him even after he had effected his escape to his own country. Some time before coming back to Ireland as its Apostle he had been sent to Britain with St. Germain to help the latter to stamp out the Pelagian heresy from that country. He himself was a Briton by birth, and, for all we know, by lineage. No one ever thought otherwise till Lanigan published his ecclesiastical History of Ireland in

1882. All the lives of St. Patrick, from the sixth century to the twelfth, agree as to his birth in Roman Britain, and he himself in his confession and in his "Epistle to Coroticus," describes himself as a Briton. His mother was very probably Gaulish, and there is little or no doubt but that she was a relative of St. Martin of Tours. For a fuller discussion of the controversy raised by Dr. Lanigan, we refer our readers to page 88 of the first volume of his work and also to page 20 of "The Life and Writings of St. Patrick," by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. Dr. Healy, with others, identifies St. Patrick's own statements and the statements of his biographers, regarding his birthplace, with Dumbarton on the banks of the Clyde in Scotland. As far as race affinity is concerned this brings the saint a little nearer to his converts.

As to his finding the Irish race in a high state of civilization, all that has long ago passed into a truism. They were thoroughly prepared to receive his divine message. To use the words of the late Canon Sheehan, "We find that of themselves the Irish were predisposed to Christianity, and that Almighty God chose

for His Apostle the man who above all others was qualified to teach the faith and practices of Christianity. For the Irish race was then, as it is now, a race of strong passions and ardent affections; and wherever nature is strong and uncorrupted, it naturally seeks for something higher than itself to interpret itself. Its morals were pure and therefore it easily embraced the morality of Christianity. It was a strong imaginative race; it sought for a religion higher than nature could discover, and therefore when Christianity was preached, its wonderful mysteries captivated the people. They were a people, generous, ardent, self-sacrificing, and therefore they easily embraced a religion which constantly teaches self-sacrifice, self-denial and whose central dogma was that God in human form has sacrificed Himself for His people. The Irish people had strong affection and reverence for their poor and they saw that Christianity taught that the poor were its Founder's Divine Legacy, and that kindness to them was to be the measure of our fitness for Heaven." . . . "And God looking upon this people with eyes of love, chose as their Apostle from His whole Church, a man according to his own

heart. By nature, by grace, by his training, St. Patrick was fitted for the great work of the apostolate to which he was called." In the twentieth century, St. Patrick looms up not as the Apostle of Ireland merely, but as the Apostle of every land where the English language is spoken; for the sun never sets on the handiwork or whereabouts of his children.

DISCOURSES AND WRITINGS OF CATH-
OLIC AND IRISH INTEREST

BOOK REVIEWS

THESE ARE RE-PUBLISHED NOT TO ADVERTISE OR DISPARAGE ANYTHING, BUT FOR THE SAKE OF ANY GOOD THE READER MAY FIND IN THEM. THEY ARE INTIMATELY ASSOCIATED WITH IRELAND AND HER RECENT HISTORY.

THE HISTORY OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY —
1870-1890. IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE history of the Irish Parliamentary party by X is not a history of that party at all. His volumes are written with a view to cripple the efforts that are now being made by that party in behalf of Home Rule for Ireland and in behalf of the general welfare of that unhappy country, a secondary object being the vindication of his own political conduct.

He writes expressly for English, as well as Irish readers and mentions his familiarity with

¹ No need to mention the author. We do not wish to be personal.

the impressions of Ireland's struggles that are found in foreign capitals as one of the peculiar qualifications he possesses for writing his so-called history. He claims to be acquainted with the exterior and interior workings of the Irish Parliamentary party almost from its inauguration, and modestly professes himself incapable of disrespecting the honest opinions of others, and unaccustomed to disguise his own convictions.

"I write," he says, "as a Nationalist who maintains the whole of the rights of my country; but who equally recognizes that Englishmen are patriots, and that, through causes that can hardly be called Irish, freedom of speech and opinion is more frequently found outside of Ireland than within it."

As a statesman he would soar to the heights occupied by Edmund Burke and Henry Grattan, but turns out in the course of his iconoclastic books to be a sort of low class, but unsuccessful, politician.

Towards the end of his second volume, he says of himself: "After forty years of experience, not limited to any party or race, I still maintain as in 1870, that the system of Isaac

Butt, the system of national self-government, combined with imperial federation, affords the only basis for union and freedom.”

So far, so good. He comes near defining his position in those words. In the following sentences, however (Vol. II, page 472) he shows his inability to write a reliable history of the Irish Parliamentary party: —

“I am now entitled to conclude with a final word upon the Parliamentary party from Ireland. Never was that party much less deserving of esteem. Never was that party in more complete ascendancy and domination over the British Constitution.

“Never was the fundamental imbecility of Unionism and the Act of Union more conspicuously demonstrated. ‘The Irish are utterly unfit for self government, therefore let us let them govern us all.’ The suppression of the Parliament of Ireland is now indeed avenged. Four score of avowed outlaws to the constitution and professed unfriends of the Empire can make and unmake the Imperial Government. Probably not ten of them would have passed or faced the ordeal of the Irish polls, but for the collecting at transatlantic gather-

ings and the uncivic oaths and combinations of the political sacristy and the Ribbon Lodge.

“Certainly almost all of them are the survivors or the heirs of the sordid items who, from 1880 to 1890 and later, ate their daily dole from the red-stained hands of Egan and Ford. Such as they are, they are the undeniable offspring of the Act of Union, the product and the crown of Unionist centralization.

“The grotesque fancy of Swift might have catalogued them in the Academy of Laputa, but even his mordant genius would have hesitated to exhibit them — where they stand to-day — in the supreme directorate of the empire. Spirit of Pitt! Spirit of Castlereagh! I salute your astounding ineptitude. You closed and desecrated that fane of fame and beauty, the august House of the Irish Nation. You interrupted and dispersed that lifeguard and bodyguard of conservative loyalty, the Lords and Commons of the Irish Kingdom. You prevented the rise and consolidation of the federated Empire. And you have only bequeathed us — these!” He evidently does not give the Irish party credit for fidelity to Ireland or loyalty to the Empire.

Examining the different movements on foot for the amelioration of Ireland, he ridicules the pet theories of the Gaelic Leaguers and the Sinn Feiners, stating that the latter want to "realize in politics and society the ideal in letters of the braves of the Gaelic Wigwam." He has nothing but contempt for the contention of the Gaelic League as expressed in its organ that "a training in the old Gaelic tales would be a better intellectual 'diet' for Irish youth than an education in the Greek classics," and says that if the clergy confined the "youthful mind of Ireland within such a Gaelic wigwam in order to learn nothing but the primeval tongue of the tribe as reproduced by the help of O'Growney's lectures on Irish pronunciation," they would surely prove themselves the obscurantists they have so often been described to be.

He is particularly sarcastic towards the Sinn Feiners, whose title "ourselves" he considers an exceedingly "unlovely source of inspiration."

The clergy were never real nationalists and at present they draw their inspiration from the "serene heights" of the episcopate to keep the people in a state of "uneducation" in the matter of Irish politics.

The result is that Irishmen, as he heard an Irish-American priest say, lose the faith in large numbers when they come to the United States. He reads the same old lesson to the clergy about interference in politics and designates them as a supreme and irresponsible directory, directing the directory of the Irish Tammany; that is, the Irish Parliamentary party.

The American dollar destroys freedom of speech in Ireland, gags the press, makes freedom at the polls impossible, corrupts the nation and makes the Irish still less capable of governing themselves. He believes in the principle of constitutional agitation, of course, but does not believe that it is carried on as it should be; as the representatives that are elected do not ethically represent their constituencies upon whom they are forced by the American dollar.

He quotes a certain authority as saying that Parnell, as a statesman, "was a stick." He himself speaks of him as a man of no ideas, but capable of assimilating an astounding quantity of adulation and of believing himself to have been the real maker of almost any one who forged his way to the front. He goes out of his

way to dwell on the downfall of this unfortunate man who, he says, got along swimmingly while he was himself his principal adviser. Gladstone was a double-dealer towards Parnell, playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse, compassing and finally accomplishing his ruin.

In his sarcasm lavished on the extravagancies of the Gaelic Leaguers and Sinn Feiners, he will find many who think as he does;¹ but his books, though splendidly written and showing evidence of great research and painstaking care, can do no good in the present state of Irish affairs, and their power for evil will be curbed by their bulk and price and by the evidence they give from start to finish of being the production and self-vindication of a soured man. The spirit they would introduce is exceedingly inopportune.

Could Mr. X have written the history of the Irish Parliamentary Party without bias, his work would have been a splendid one. It is to be feared that advanced Nationalists or politicians and patriots of the so-called fighting kind will denounce him as pro-English rather than pro-Irish in his leanings.

¹ We are all Sinn-feiners now. We always regarded the Gaelic League as Ireland's great conserving force.

IRELAND YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

THIS book has an introduction written by John Redmond. This alone might be sufficient to indicate its character. Redmond states that "seven years ago when the Irish movement was passing through one of its most exciting and critical stages, the proprietors of *The North American* sent one of the ablest members of their staff, Mr. Hugh Sutherland, over to Ireland, to describe for the information of the American people the Irish situation as he found it.

"The result was a series of brilliant and illuminating articles, which attracted widespread attention and which served to concentrate American interest on the nature and the importance of the struggle which was then taking place in Ireland.

"Meantime the Irish cause has been marching on and the effects of the concessions wrung by the Irish party from the British Parliament have begun to make themselves apparent in

various directions. In order to describe these effects and to strengthen the appeal of the Irish people to America for a continuance of its sympathy and support during the final stages of the national movement, Mr. Sutherland was this summer (1909) again deputed by *The North American* to visit Ireland and to record his impressions of its changed condition, as compared with that when he previously visited it, and this he did in a series of letters no less remarkable than the first.

“The publication of these letters in book-form and their wide circulation in America cannot fail to be of enormous service to Ireland, for they are a powerful, eloquent and convincing plea on behalf of Ireland.

“They exhibit a thorough and comprehensive grasp of the Irish question in all its details, historical, political, moral and material, and for these reasons I heartily commend this volume to the serious consideration of American politicians and thinkers of all parties and of all creeds.”

The volume contains 264 pages and a copious index. The table of contents shows the book divided into three sections and twenty-nine

chapters. The Irish question consists essentially in dispute about the right ownership of the "Land"; and therefore the first section is "The Problem of the Land," the second is the "Land Problem Solved," and the third is "The Demand for Home Rule."

Towards the end of his book Mr. Sutherland gives a rapid review of the history of Ireland to show the origin of the present Irish question and to give an enlightened explanation of the causes that led up to it.

The question was forced on Ireland by the English government. It is the baneful result of centuries of British misrule in Ireland. It is England's error and therefore it is England's duty to correct it, and it is for the best interests of England as well as of Ireland that the error be corrected.

Irish hatred of England is inevitable till this correction is made, till Ireland has at least the same measure of autonomy as Canada or the Transvaal, and then the Irishman will be as loyal to the Empire as the Canadian or the Boer.¹

John Fitzgibbon, the object of petty police persecution, and a "criminal jailed" for no other reason than his large-hearted charity to

¹ This was written nine years ago, remember.

the victims of evictions, would be a greater power for the consolidation of the British Empire than half a dozen viceroys in Dublin Castle.

Bless the mark! These only widen the gulf. However, the prospect is gradually brightening and the British Parliament, from being coercive, has become truly paternal, and grievances are being gradually removed in the most orderly and commendable manner conceivable, parliamentary agitation; and the Irish peasant has proven that when he gets a chance he is a model of thrift and industry.

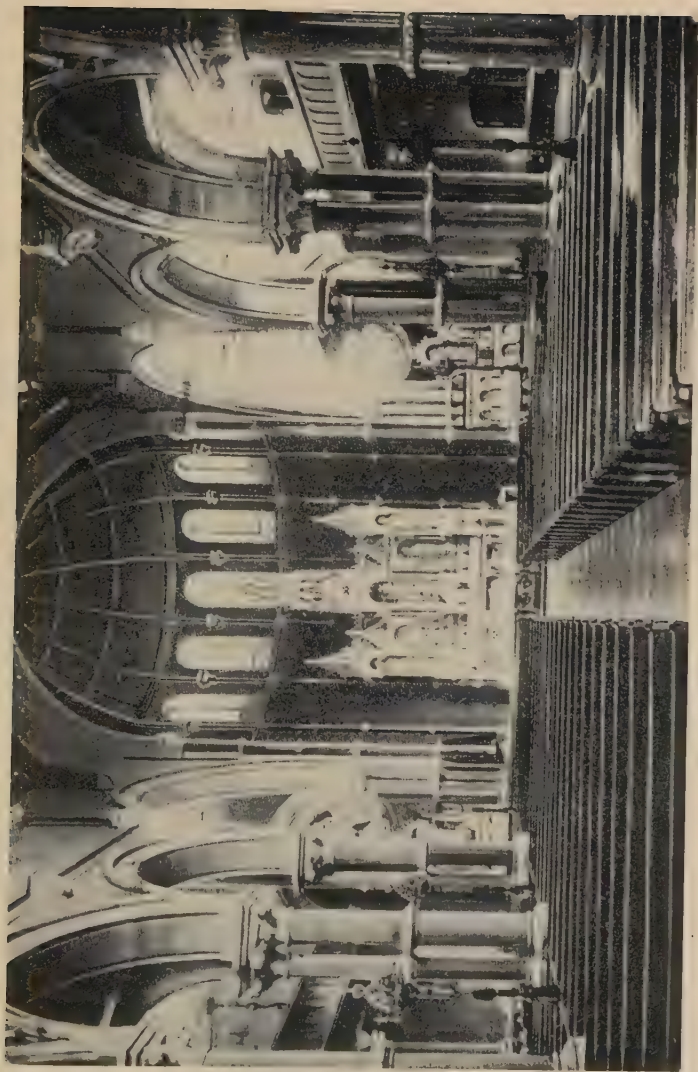
The astounding fact is that hitherto he managed to eke out a living at all; and our author does not fail to throw a powerful light on this side of the question.

Mr. Sutherland says that to the student of history, and indeed to any one who has the faintest interest in human progress, the story of Ireland must be fascinating. Americans particularly should find it attractive, not only because so large a proportion of them have Irish blood, but because Ireland still suffers many of the disabilities against which the American colonies revolted in 1775.

He takes care, however, to state that he writes not merely for Americans of Irish descent, but for all Americans without distinction of race or creed. He does for America what M. Paul-Dubois in his *L'Irlande Contemporaine et la Question Irlandaise* has done for France. If the French writer expected to find interested readers in France, the erstwhile friend of Ireland in trouble, why should not Mr. Sutherland find a nation of readers for his book in this great and free and liberty-loving republic?

Incidentally he quotes occasionally from M. Dubois. To get his facts "he visited cities, town, villages, hamlets and penetrated into the sparsely settled country districts. He interviewed priests and peasants, business men, politicians, artizans. He talked with merchants behind the counter, farmers in the furrow, women at the spinning wheel, laborers on the road side. He was in stores and churches, in homes of plenty, and abodes of want.

"He saw the amazing problem of the land, the Nemesis of statesmen, the scourge of a people, unroll before him as he traversed the green but desolated island. He found patriotism a crime, free speech a prison offence. He



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, BELFAST

saw members of Parliament in jail and talked to respected merchants whose hands were scarred with the degrading labor of the prison yard.”

He describes the change brought about by seven years as truly miraculous, despair and sullenness giving way not only to bright hope, but even to a considerable state of actual contentment and happiness.

“Home Rule alone is the one thing wanting; and it is the judgment of England, Ireland and Scotland that that should be granted. This is the expressed judgment of the British House of Commons. The public opinion of the British Colonies of the United States, is for it, and will prevail.

“And when Home Rule comes and has spread peace and brotherhood and justice where strife has too long ruled, its opponents will no more condemn the new order than they condemn the other reforms which they fought and then embraced.” These are the concluding words of this readable book.

We cannot see how Ireland’s grievances could be more thoroughly analyzed and described, nor the gradual redress of these grievances, that has been going on, more accurately

portrayed than this unbiased traveler from the United States has done it.

Mr. Sutherland does not praise the Irish Parliamentary party directly. He shows what that party has accomplished. That speaks for itself. There is not a paragraph of dull reading in his book from start to finish.

Read his chapters on Father O'Hara and John Fitzgibbon if you want to feel as if you were an actual participant in his conversations with these gentlemen and you were watching to get a word in somewhere. Read his concluding chapters and tell him with others that his letters make you tired and he will tell you they make him tired too, as it is certainly a colossal work to study the Irish question and write about it.

Tell him he has no right to introduce religion into the discussion. He will tell you he did nothing of the kind. That was introduced into the Irish question by Elizabeth and James I and others. He found it there and reported accordingly. As for Elizabeth and James and others, there is no use in getting peevish at them about it, because they are dead.

Accuse him of being a "narrow-minded

bigot" "hopelessly enslaved by the Church," to which one critic assigned him, and he will tell you that the nearest approach to a saint in his church was John Wesley.

"Upon my word," he says in brackets, "I don't see that this fact is of surpassing interest, now that I have written it. But if my views on Home Rule are to be repudiated on account of my theological convictions, let's get the record straight."

"As far as introducing religion into the discussion is concerned," he says, his "critics might as well accuse him of inventing landlordism or discovering Dublin Castle." He could not ignore the religious element, since "a conflict of religious convictions is at the bottom of the opposition to Home Rule."

THE IRISH PLAYERS¹

A Critique

THERE is a great deal to praise in the program presented by the Irish players at the Plymouth Theatre. Their interpretation is excellent. They are so natural on the stage that it takes some time to realize they are acting, and in the meantime the hearer is fascinated. It is regrettable, however, that in so much excellence there should be some serious blemishes.

The dramatists of the Irish National Theatre set out to portray Irish life and character. It is clear that they have failed in this. Irish character is as vast in its range as human nature itself, and to depict it in a few plays or within a few years would be a tremendous undertaking. Indeed, it would be impossible and we should not take the attempt seriously.

¹ Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, who came to Boston in September 1910.

We can afford to laugh at Dempsey and have a good time with him. We know him, and the "likes of him" well. We can answer the question suggested by the splendid allegory of Kathleen Ni Houlihan and decide whether a man should postpone his marriage day and go off to join the French who have just landed at Killala. In fact, we can enjoy any one of these beautiful playlets or plays and recognize certain phases of Irish life very faithfully portrayed in them.

There is, however, one which is a trial, an enigma, and it is generally conceded that it is an insult to the Irish race, — "The Play Boy of the Western World," by Synge. It may be a deep, psychological study that we do not yet understand or appreciate. Let us hope that it is. There are different ways of looking at it. That it is a satire, is very evident, and it is, therefore, a pity that it is not in poetical form rather than in the dramatic. It is not so sweeping in its range as the savage prose satire of Dean Swift, which is aimed at all humanity. And Yeats has compared Synge to Swift, so we are encouraged to regard The Play-boy as a satire.

Whom does it attack? The Irish peasant girls. We fear it does not confine itself to them. We fear it goes further. It attacks revealed religion. It places aspirations and ejaculations of a most devotional nature on the lips of the vilest characters. The "God bless all here" and the "May God bless you and increase you" of the really devotional Irish country folk become nauseating by the frequency of their repetition on the lips of ruffians and murderers; and Synge creates these ruffians and murderers among the Irish peasantry to give point to his satire.

It may, however, be all a matter of awkwardness. The deep Christian faith and simple, though demonstrative devotion of these country folk may have been beyond his talent to reproduce in a play. Therefore, he exaggerates it, distorts it and makes it seem grotesque.

There is no excuse, however, for his blasphemous use of the name of God and for his appalling references to the Blessed Mother and the saints. Christie, the parricide, in his bliss in the company of Pegeen, says he could pity the Lord God (on the stage the line reads, "the supreme Pontiff"), sitting alone on his

golden chair. In the beginning of this play the references to the Pope and the Cardinals and to Father Reilly are full of deference, but as the play goes along, such references are so frequent and placed in such a context that all the deference is taken out of them. The play is offensive to any one who takes his religion seriously. There is even a fling at the "holy preaching Luthers of the North."

If Synge's Connaught peasants had any actual existence, — and it is quite clear they could not have any foundation in fact — one would have to concede that religion had done very little for them. As for his Irish girls, a confessed parricide is made a hero by them on account of the element of daring in his deed. There are two who fight for him. So he is compelled to say of himself: "and it's great luck and company I have won myself in the end of time — two fine women fighting for the likes of me — till I am thinking, this night, wasn't I a foolish fellow not to kill my father in the years gone by." It develops that he hasn't killed his father at all. The hero-character is lost, and he is thrown out as a faker and a liar. The woman who had given up a quiet,

God-fearing Christian for this fellow of a daring deed is thoroughly disappointed. The side lesson conveyed here is plain.

The play is thoroughly demoralizing and made more so by the scintillations of wit and gleams of humor. It is a comedy at best and there is a danger of taking it too seriously.

If we give the Irish National or Literary Theater time enough, it will treat us to what is grand and noble and refining in Irish character. There is no use in losing our tempers. These people are only beginning, and they could not injure Irish character if they would. If time and space allowed, we would dwell with pleasure on the meritorious qualities with which so many of these plays are replete.

LETTERS

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE IRISH PEOPLE AND THEIR LANGUAGE

CAMBRIDGE, September 15, 1907.

EDITOR REVIEW:

FROM the new book, *L'Irlande Contemporaine et la Question Irlandaise* by L. Paul-Dubois, I translate the following passages: "Language and people have fled from the country, the language disappearing even more rapidly than the people. The old Connaught peasant still says the rosary in Irish and the sons and daughters answer in English. Too long the Donegal and Kerry priests have neglected to preach, and the people to pray, in the national language. And what is sadder still is that under the influence of the English (national) school and of the more prosperous classes of the people, the poor peasantry for a long time past have been conceiving a sort of contempt for the ancient language of their fathers, that speech so sweet, so mellifluous and musical, with a rhythm so naturally poetical,

but which nevertheless has become, in their estimation, a note of inferiority, a source of shame, a thing to hide 'like the blue circle on the nail of the mongrel.' The old language is not dying of inanition. It is the *mode*, the fashion, that is killing it. As a German remarked recently, the Irishman talks Irish to the pig he is leading to the market and to the donkey on which he is riding . . . but to speak it to the *Curé* or the *monsieur* or to the stranger he meets on the road — O, no; that would not be proper; besides he must show his superior breeding and education."

"The Great John MacHale, former Archbishop of Tuam, and one of the first and greatest workers in the renaissance of the national language, relates that on a certain occasion he invited a gentlemen of his diocese to come and discuss a business affair with him. He asked his visitor to use the Irish language in the discussion and was astonished at the answer he got: 'Your Grace, I have too much respect for you.' The children in the West do not always realize that they are bilingual, and are apt to think they are talking Irish when they are

speaking in English. There are also people who are proud they know no Irish. These have a stereotyped phrase to express their disregard for the old tongue. They say: Irish is *bet*. Only a few months ago we were told of a farm laborer whose response to a fellow-workman who had addressed him in Irish was: 'Hell to your soul, can't I speak English as well as you?' "Notice," continues the Frenchman, "the brutal coarseness of the retort, and compare it with the sweetness of tone and delicacy of expression that are distinctive of the old Gaelic speech. In changing his language the Irish peasant is gradually and fatally losing the instinctive dignity, the courteousness, the sense of self-respect that attracted and still continues, in a measure, to attract, the attention of the traveler, even in the poor villages of the far West, and which made Ireland, like Spain of other days, a nation of Gentlemen."

Yours Sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

A FRENCHMAN ON THE IRISH PEOPLE AND THEIR CHANGE OF LANGUAGE

CAMBRIDGE, September 27, 1907.

EDITOR REVIEW:

I WISH to give out a few more ideas from the author of *L'Irlande Contemporaine*, etc. Writing of the evils resulting to Ireland from the process of Anglicization through which the country has been passing, and summing up under the general name of *Shoneenism* which he stigmatizes as the "national and social sin of the snobs," L. Paul-Dubois goes on to say: "Anglomania prevails in Ireland. Outside of what is 'respectable,' nothing is of any value; but everything English is respectable and nothing is respectable except what is English. The Saxon, the hereditary enemy, is held in abhorrence, but such is his power, nevertheless, that he is aped in everything. He is the 'dominant race.' Under Cromwell and William the Third Ireland looked towards France and Spain; now

her eyes are fixed on England and America. In little, as well as in great things, imitation has taken the place of initiative and originality. An English (cockney) accent is engrafted on the Irish brogue. The Irishman takes his fashions, his manners and customs and sports from England. He laughs at the caricatures of *Punch* and the satires of *Truth*. At the theater, one hears little, any more, but the latest novelties from the London play-houses; at the music halls hardly anything but the songs and monologues in which Paddy figures as the fool and the clown to amuse his fellow-countrymen. Dry goods and dress goods of all kinds are bought in English houses. The little girls are no longer called Brigid and Eileen, but Maud or Mabel; the boys no longer Donal or Dermid but Ned and Bertie. Even family names are Anglicized; the O's and the Mac's are suppressed; O'Byrne becomes Burns, and O'Shaughnessy, Chauncey."

One might have little fault to find with Ned as a particular instance of Anglicization but there are few who cannot see that a great many of the worst features of this general breaking away from a great and sacred past

have spread far beyond the confines of poor little Ireland. I may have occasion to show through the *Review*, how Monsieur Dubois explains how the Hibernicization of the thirteenth century gave way to the Anglicization of the nineteenth.

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD

CAMBRIDGE, October 3, 1907.

EDITOR REVIEW:

THIS is a part of what M. Paul-Dubois has to say about the Irishman and his priest in the Green Isle, L'Ile Verte, as he likes, it seems, to call Ireland. "He [the Irishman] loves his church and his religion. His church is his guide. It is the spiritual authority to which respect and obedience are due. It is the jewel that England could not take away from him; the only permanent organization, the only national expression of Ireland, past and present. In the time of trial it was his only support. Under Elizabeth and Cromwell, and under the Penal Laws, the priest suffered with the people. He was true to them, even unto death and martyrdom. The close union between the priest and the people is thus forever sealed. He has won for himself their abiding veneration and grati-

tude. He has become their guide, their friend, their protector. He has gained the title that has remained with him, *soggarth aroon*, priest, loved by his people. Even to-day there is nothing more striking or charmingly touching than the attachment between pastor and people; the respect and affection with which he is surrounded; the confidence and intimacy between him and his flock. This is what fascinates the traveler, when, in the little market towns of the west, he meets the parish priest dressed in silk hat and black suit, tall of form, strong, neat, and of handsome complexion. His curate, a combination of youth, gravity of mien and gentility, is the frequent, if not constant, companion of his walks. Every one salutes him and he returns the salute, not by touching his hat, for his hat could not bear the strain, but by addressing a pleasant word to each one. He seems a king within his kingdom, affable, courteous, tolerant towards the non-catholics, on intimate terms with his own people, and, above all, popular. He is truly the father of his people, invested with undoubted authority. All secrets are confided to him, even those that concern the inmost

throbbings of the heart, as well as matters of, perhaps, mere material interest. All seek him in every conceivable need or emergency. The people, in return, are ever at his service. There is no deferential attention that he does not receive. How many types will you not find in Ireland of that good old ascetical and kind-hearted Father Dan, whom Canon Sheehan so beautifully portrays in that charming story of ecclesiastical life in Ireland, "My New Curate"? What simplicity of life and manner, what artless joviality you find among that clergy who, like the legendary Father O'Flynn, would not leave gaiety all to the laity, — isn't the priest an Irishman, too? No cold reserve, no loftiness, no stone wall, lie between these priests and their people. The cheerful urbanity or refined rusticity of the priest, gives him a hold on the hearts of his people, and besides he is generous, high-spirited and warm-hearted. When these priests go to France they are peculiarly impressed with the passivity of our country curés, and attribute the more or less isolated dignity with which they comport themselves to their dependence on the state. But the Irish priests themselves are so influential and

popular, we must not suppose that this is altogether because they are independent of the State and supported by the people directly. There is a higher cause for it all. Their power and influence and popularity are founded on the faith and piety of a people who not only profess, but also practice, their religion."

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

A FRENCHMAN ON THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE CELT

CAMBRIDGE, November 2, 1907.

EDITOR REVIEW:

DILATING on the power and influence of the Irish clergy in Ireland and tracing this power and influence to their natural causes and sources, M. Paul-Dubois goes on to say:—"The power of the Irish clergy has two principal causes; the one psychological, found in the faith, and in the essentially religious character of the nation; the other historical, and found in the fact that the priest has been for ages the sole guide and protector of the Irish people in all things." He goes on to say of the Celtic races in general and of the Irish in particular: "There are few racial characteristics so deeply set as the intensity of the religious sentiment in the Celtic races and above all in the Irish race. When we consider the spiritual aspirations of these people, their instinctive idealism, which keeps

them always in touch with the life beyond the grave; when we reflect on the peculiar mysticism, disdainful of the unreality (so to speak) of the visible, tangible world, a mysticism which seems to have protected from Protestant rationalism, not only the Irish people but most of the peoples of Celtic blood; when we bear in mind also the profoundly religious spirit of their Gaelic language, so different from the utilitarian materialism of the Anglo-Saxon (English) in which indeed certain good souls believe they see to-day a positive danger to the faith of the Irish, we are compelled to believe that these people were peculiarly predestined to Christianity. Three centuries of persecution have only succeeded in attaching Ireland to her faith with a constancy and devotion not only of the highest order but truly heroic." Concluding a chapter, he says that to-day this living and fervent faith has become part and parcel of the race and nationality, "indistinguishable from the one and the other."

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

HIBERNICIZATION FINALLY YIELDING TO ANGLICIZATION

CAMBRIDGE, November 12, 1907.

EDITOR REVIEW:

REPRODUCING in your esteemed paper, some few weeks ago, a little of what M. Paul-Dubois, in his book, *L'Irlande Contemporaine et la question Irlandaise*, has to say about the Anglicization of Ireland, which has been going on for a long time past, and which the Gaelic League is trying to check, I promised to quote for your readers, some also of what the same author has to say about the contrary process, Hibernicization, that began soon after the English secured a foothold in Ireland. The French author says: "One could almost say that the final object of English rule and statecraft in Ireland has been to form the Irish Celton the Anglo-Saxon type; that is to say, to transform the Irishman into an Englishman. This was no easy work, and so, at times, as for example, under Elizabeth and Cromwell,

England resorted to the more effective and sure policy of extermination. For a long time the struggle between the two civilizations (the Celtic and the English) remained undecided. Up to the time of the protector, it was Ireland, in spite of the statutes of proscription against her, that had absorbed and assimilated the Anglo-Norman or English settlers, and that had made them 'more Irish than the Irish themselves.' They had adopted Irish customs and manners, were speaking the Irish language and had assumed Irish names, so that at the Irish parliament of 1541, there was only one man, the Count of Ormond, who could talk English any more. And nothing, perhaps, could have stopped this process of Hibernicization without the aid of the great persecutions, and the plantations, and, above all, the Penal Laws, which, for a long time, stifled in the soul of Ireland all power of resistance and expansion. It was under the operation and influence of these frightful conditions that the peculiar English type of civilization and culture represented in Ireland by the English protestant 'garrison,' was able toward the end of the Eighteenth century to appeal favor-

ably to the Irish aristocracy and to the middle classes, and wean them away, little by little, from the old Gaelic civilization and from the use of the national language."

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

ANGLICIZATION

CAMBRIDGE, November 15, 1907.

EDITOR REVIEW:

M PAUL-DUBOIS, writing of the gradual abandonment of the Irish language by the aristocracy and middle classes towards the close of the eighteenth century, goes on to say:—"it was at the time when the more enlightened classes, seeing Protestants like Plunket and Grattan upholding and urging the claims of Catholic Ireland, hoped to find in a reconciliation with England the salvation and freedom of their country. Soon the great poet, Thomas Moore, and the illustrious agitator, Daniel O'Connell, founded, the one, the poetry; the other, the politics, of Ireland on the basis of the English language. Soon the general body of the people began to take on the new English way, led on, not only by imitative instinct, but by the well calculated effect of a system of primary education, called 'national,' organized in 1831 by

Stanley (Lord Derby) and the Anglican Archbishop Whately; a system which, according to all evidence, could not but have for one, at least, of its objects, the destruction, at any cost, of the maternal language among the children. This language is not, indeed, now proscribed by law; but no school teacher, who is versed in it, is sent to districts where it is still the current language. Books, copy books, head lines are all in English. Irish history is discouraged or forbidden: or, what is worse, it is distorted and corrupted, and its facts misrepresented; for the history is patriotic, and everything patriotic is seditious. Clontarf, Tara, Owen Roe O'Neill — the child must not hear these names; a void must be left in his soul. The Gaelic language and traditions are thus destroyed, and the intelligence and intellectual power of the new generations seriously weakened. Some one recently asked a teacher in a village of the West how he managed, not knowing Irish, to instruct children who did not understand English. 'It takes me two years,' said he, 'to wring the Irish out of them as a preliminary'; and while saying this, he went through the gesture of one wring-

ing the water out of soaked clothing. Lady Gregory tells the story that in a certain island off the western coast, there is only one man, outside of some few excise officers, who cannot talk Irish, and that man is the schoolmaster. There are men still living who, in their school days as children, had to wear a *score*, as it was called, a small piece of wood, suspended from the neck, and on which a notch was marked for every Irish word they were heard speaking. So many notches, so many blows from the schoolmaster."

ANGLICIZATION. ANOTHER VIEW

CAMBRIDGE, November 25, 1907.

EDITOR REVIEW:

M PAUL-DUBOIS' reference to the national schools of Ireland brings to mind strongly the utterance of Archbishop MacHale, that these schools would be "the graves of the national language." Reviewing the various causes that led to the discontinuance of Irish as a spoken language, the French author sums up in this way: "the result was that the language of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, after having stoutly and successfully resisted persecution for two centuries — the first statute passed for its abolition dates from 1367 — has been rapidly becoming extinct, and particularly so during the last hundred years. The Penal Laws would tend rather to preserve it, by keeping the Celt apart from the Saxon. The partial reconciliation with England that followed Catholic Emancipation brought the two Irelands, Irish Ireland and

English Ireland, closer together, and thus, it would seem, pronounced the death sentence of the Irish language. On the eve of the great famine, almost all Ireland, except some of those living in the large cities, spoke Irish. To-day, emigration doing its own share in the work of extirpating the old tongue, it is spoken by only a little over 600,000 people, who speak Irish only — and this out of a population of about 4,500,000. Where it flourished is particularly in the West. It was at the very time when Zeuss, on the continent, was discovering the keys to Celtic studies, that the modern Irish language, the lineal descendant and heiress of the language of Oisín and of Fionn, was disappearing most rapidly from the soil of Ireland.”

In a footnote, our author gives the exact number of people speaking Irish and English as 620,189; and those speaking Irish alone as 20,953. For these figures, he cites the Census of 1901. Six years have passed since then, and the Gaelic League has been very active; so we may conclude that the number of English speakers in Ireland who can also talk Irish must have increased enormously. The statute,

to which he refers as passed in 1367, is that known as the "Statute of Kilkenny," forbidding the English settlers in Ireland to use the Irish language, and commanding the Irish who lived in communities, where English was still spoken, to adopt that language. One of the objects of that law was to prevent the total absorption, by the natives, of their English neighbors, who were rapidly losing their identity as English people and becoming more Irish than the Irish.

The mention of Zeuss gives occasion for another footnote stating that it was in 1853 this great Bavarian scholar, the "father of Celtic studies," the founder of Celtic Philology, published, in Berlin, his enormous work, the "*Grammatica Celtica*," the result of the labor of thirty years. I cannot help giving a passing mention here to the two immortal men who were laboring for the same cause in Ireland, and at about the same time. It was away back in 1845 that John O'Donovan LL.D. published his exhaustive Irish Grammar, the great thesaurus from which so many recent Irish grammarians have drawn so much of their material and information, and on which

its learned author had been laboring since 1828. In 1840 also appeared the first of Archbishop MacHale's mighty contributions to Irish literature, his catechism, and soon after his little manual of prayer with its beautiful rhythmical translations of the "Dies Irae" and the "Stabat Mater." Soon came his translations of Moore's Melodies and of the Pentateuch, and of Homer's Iliad, of which the first eight books were given to the world in melodious Irish, appearing singly and at irregular intervals from 1844 to 1871, and later collected and published in one handsome volume of 477 pages, giving also the Greek text.

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

ANTI-CLERICALISM

CAMBRIDGE, December 23, 1907.

EDITOR REVIEW:

EXPATIATING on the equipment which the Irish priest must have, in order to acquit himself creditably of the duties of his position as the social and economic leader of his people, and speculating as to whether his efforts in that capacity will actually win the crown of ultimate success, M. Paul-Dubois, goes on to say: "It is one of the secrets which the future shall reveal. Just now it is idle to pretend that the day is far off when an Irish democracy, having reached the bloom of its maturity, intelligence, strength, and efficiency, shall demand with all deference that its clerical leaders give an account of their leadership. Anti-clericalism, indeed, in its French form, has been absolutely unable to take serious hold among the Irish people, because the Catholic faith is so firmly rooted in them that

it even pervades their national spirit. We do not apply this name to that antagonism, more political than sectarian, that animates Irish Protestants against the Catholic Church, and more especially those among the Protestants who, with vociferous zeal, never tire of crying out 'too many churches' 'too many priests,' 'too much wealth for the Church.' They apparently forget that they themselves have not been obliged to build churches having, under cover of the Reformation, robbed the Catholic Irish of theirs; nor do they seem to advert to the fact that the Episcopalian Church, though disestablished in Ireland, was left handsomely capitalized by the very Act that disestablished it; and that its clergy, in proportion to the number of people they serve, are far more numerous than the Catholic clergy. Among the Catholics anti-clericalism, such as it is, is confined to small and insignificant groups here and there. Among the first of these to deserve any attention are the so-called, or rather self-styled 'intelligent or intellectual Catholics,' who are simply blind admirers of the really vicious anti-clericalism that exists in France. There are men also of Voltairean

proclivities, Agnostics, whose real trouble is religious indifference. These are sometimes at variance with the clergy, but only through political jealousies. There are others who belong to the extreme separatist political party, who, in other words, are more or less openly avowed advocates of the 'physical force' idea, against which the Irish Church is rigidly set. These are opposed to the political policy of the clergy, but not to the clergy themselves. In fact, anti-clericalism has not been able to make itself felt in Ireland as yet. On account of the extraordinary social and political power of its clergy the Green Isle is a most tempting target for the fire of sectaries. Nevertheless an anti-clerical movement could not as yet thrive on its soil. On the other hand if the hour of trial ever really comes, will not Catholicism in Ireland find its most powerful safeguard precisely in the anti-Catholicism — *felix culpa* — of the Protestant Anglo-Irish? There is probably some danger of an anti-clerical eruption sometime; and in this regard a distinguished Protestant Irishman said recently, with much fear and anxiety, that if an anti-clerical movement should ever succeed in Ire-

land, it would prove such a source of moral, social and political disaster that all hope of national resuscitation would be ruined at a blow."

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

CHURCHES IN IRELAND IN THE PENAL DAYS AND AT THE PRESENT TIME

CAMBRIDGE, January 2, 1908.

EDITOR REVIEW:

CATHOLICISM emerging from the Penal Laws was, as it were, 'paralyzed in Ireland,' says M. Paul-Dubois. "There were no churches. They had been either seized or destroyed by the Protestants. There were chapels without cross or bell or belfry. Old ruins in abandoned lanes and alleys on the outskirts of the town or city served as chapels; and the very remoteness of these from human gaze was their protection from the gibes of the intolerant 'garrison.' In the country places the chapel was of the simplest and most primitive construction. . . . In many a village the Mass was offered in the open air. . . . At Athy, as late as 1810, the Mass was offered in a store-house or barn on the bank of the river. A little before this same date there was but one Catholic chapel in all Belfast. All the clergy received their education on the

continent, in the colleges of Louvain, Paris, Douay and Salamanca, where reigned a traditional spirit of passive obedience to law and constituted authority, a spirit, loyalist and conservative, strong under persecution, suffering with patience, trembling at the fear of provoking new tyrannies, hating the French Revolution, and vigorously opposing the insurrection of the United Irishmen in 1798.

“What a contrast between the condition of the Church in Ireland then and now. The casual tourist is amazed to-day at all the evidence of the strength and power of Catholicism in Ireland. Out of 2418 churches there is probably not one that has not been built within the last hundred years. Grand cathedrals everywhere, so costly and vast that one is tempted to contrast their magnificent dimensions with the insignificance of their surroundings, and their wealth with the misery of the country. But the thought is irresistible that they are the only luxury that Ireland hankered for when she built them, and that they are the enduring monuments of the piety of a people who glory in them. Since 1825 Dublin has her Metropolitan Church in Marlborough street, not far



THE CATHEDRAL, QUEENSTOWN

from the famous gothic Cathedrals of St. Patrick and of Christ Church which still remain in the hands of the Protestants. Every village has its Catholic 'chapel' — the name is traditional — neat and graceful and clean, alongside of the other church, the church of the landlord, the very church, where, before the Reformation, the 'forefathers' went to pray, now gloomy and cold and dumb, while the angelus rings out so clear and sweet from the neighboring little belfry of the Catholic chapel."

These reflections and descriptions of the French author direct attention forcibly to the tremendous change that has passed over Ireland since the Mass was celebrated in the sandpit or quarry, or in the solitude of the mountains or the caves of the earth, and compel one to contemplate with admiration, again and again, the pent-up devotion, which, when let loose, so to speak, and given a chance to expand and produce visible fruit, could not be satisfied with anything less magnificent as a house of worship for the Lord God of Hosts than such buildings as the colossal cathedrals of Armagh and Queenstown.

Sincerely yours,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

MAYNOOTH

CAMBRIDGE, January 17, 1908.

EDITOR REVIEW:

M PAUL-DUBOIS gives the number of regular priests in Ireland as 588, including Augustinians, Dominicans, Lazarists, Jesuits, Capuchins, Redemptorists, Fathers of the Holy Ghost, etc. Then referring to the Brothers of St. Patrick and of the Presentation and to "that admirable battalion of Christian Brothers; all consecrated by vow to the work of education," he goes on to state that "to attend to the 1,099 parishes of Ireland there are among the diocesan clergy 1,021 pastors, 1,932 curates and administrators, under the authority of the twenty-three bishops and the four archbishops of Ireland. This ecclesiastical army has for its center, a few leagues west of Dublin, the celebrated seminary of Maynooth, picturesquely situated on the ancient domain of the Dukes of Leinster, in the County of

Kildare. The little old Protestant church of the demesne is still open on Sundays for public worship. The famous Catholic College with its extensive grounds, with the river that skirts its fields, with its hosts of students, who betake themselves, during recreation hours, to its spacious athletic reservations, there to indulge in all sorts of vigorous and healthful exercise in the pure open air, would remind one of a vast English University, were it not for the somewhat cold and severe regularity of its great buildings, which are still new and fresh, and the magnificence of the new chapel of St. Patrick which flanks the main college building. Maynooth — the greatest ecclesiastical seminary in Christendom — ordinarily holds within its walls, 600 young men destined for the priesthood. The great majority of these are for the home mission. The rest, like those specially trained for foreign missions at the college of All Hallows, are for service abroad, generally in the New World or the Antipodes, carrying out what seems to be the mission of modern Ireland, to establish Catholicism on solid foundations in the midst of the Anglo-Saxon communities beyond the seas, as

it was the mission of ancient Ireland to bring the light of faith to the nations of Europe.”

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

MAYNOOTH

CAMBRIDGE, January 24, 1908.

EDITOR REVIEW:

M PAUL-DUBOIS says that about eighty priests a year are ordained at Maynooth, that seventy per cent of the diocesan priests of Ireland come from there, that the remainder come from the Irish colleges at Paris and Rome, and from the diocesan seminaries of Carlow, Thurles, Wexford and Waterford. He goes on to say — I translate his language closely — that “Australia in the nineteenth century is indebted to Ireland for all its clergy, among whom may be mentioned particularly the great Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney.” “Ireland,” he continues, “has watched over the infancy of Catholicism in the United States, nurtured its growth, and still supplies the great American West with priests; and the list of dignitaries of the Catholic Church in America, from Cardinal Gibbons

to Archbishop Ireland, is still composed almost exclusively of Irish names. Pre-eminently a missionary nation, Ireland has well merited the title of 'Mother of all the Catholic Churches of the Anglo-Saxon world.' She has heroically fulfilled, through her priests of the nineteenth century, as well as by her monks of the seventh, the sublime mission, illustrated by the Apostle, the carrying of the faith of Christ to foreign lands. Faithful servant of the Holy See, she enjoys to-day, under the Protestant English Government, the largest toleration in the exercise of her Roman Catholic faith. The State, indeed, does not subsidize worship in any way, except by the grant made to Maynooth. The Irish priest lives on the contributions made for his support by his parishioners at Christmas and Easter, and on the offerings that he receives in view of saying Masses for particular intentions and also on occasion of certain ceremonies. When one considers the poverty with which he is often surrounded, it must be admitted that he is generally well provided for. He is not eligible to any civil governmental assembly or public function. He has not the right to wear the *soutane* out of doors, a cir-

cumstance which probably helps to associate him more closely with the people. He is nevertheless the master in his own home; his spiritual functions are not embarrassed by any legal or police restrictions. The secular arm everywhere shows the highest respect for religion and its ministers. Is not such an example of tolerance, from a Protestant government to a tributary country, instructive, and shall its lessons be forever lost upon us?"

Here, of course, our author refers to his own country, poor, distracted France. When he speaks of all the American West as being supplied by Ireland with priests even yet, it is presumable, one might suppose, that he is not unaware that a great native priesthood has sprung up in all parts of the United States, but that, on account of their Irish names and blood, he credits them to Ireland still.¹ The grant that he mentions as having been made to Maynooth is the £372,331 sterling that was given to that institution on the occasion of the withdrawal of its regular annuity in 1869. The interest of this sum represents only about one third of the annual expenses of the college.

¹ And rightly so.

It may be well to recall the fact that Maynooth College was founded by the British Government in 1795. It had been found impossible to Protestantize Ireland, and there was no earthly use in trying to deprive the Irish people of their priests. The Irish young man, who had the means, would still go to some of the continental seminaries, study for the priesthood, receive ordination in due time, get himself smuggled into Ireland in disguise, say Mass for the people in the woods or in the caves, manage, by some miracle of ingenuity, to be present with the sick and the dying, and finally, in all probability, add one more to the great host of Ireland's unrecorded martyrs. This state of things could not last. There was a gradual relaxation. Finally the Government decided to abandon the impossible task of rooting Catholicism out of Ireland. Better therefore to establish a school where the Irish priest can be educated at home; wisdom dictates that he be withdrawn from the dangerous political principles with which he is liable to become imbued on the continent. Better still, he may be conciliated. Political wisdom dictates that he be conciliated since he cannot be

annihilated. And hence the Government founds Maynooth. The Irish priest remains, nevertheless, a Nationalist of the truest and safest type.

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

THE UNSOPHISTICATED AND THE IRISH LANGUAGE

CAMBRIDGE, January 24, 1908.

EDITOR REVIEW:

WHEN I sat down to write this letter, I had intended to give some more of what our French author has to say on the subject of the Anglicization of Ireland, but I found myself switched off by a footnote in which that author alludes to a story told by Lady Gregory to illustrate how the more unsophisticated of the Irish peasantry have been taught to regard the language of their fathers. In advance, I would say, however, that these poor people cannot be blamed. It is too much to expect that they should appreciate the importance and grandeur and intrinsic worth of a language, which the expressed convictions and published works of the leading philologists of the world declare to be indispensable to the curriculum of any university claiming to be first class. They have been taught to see in it only a badge of inferiority and a barrier to their progress. This

is the debasing feeling, or unconsciously entertained prejudice — I cannot call it a conviction — which centuries of oppression have engendered in their very souls. But thanks to the Gaelic League and to the great Irish scholars, especially those of Germany, France and Scotland, that feeling is passing away. The story referred to is this: On a certain day a party of gentlemen came to enjoy the pleasures of the chase over the extensive grounds of Lady Gregory's estates, in the west of Ireland. Douglas Hyde was among them, and he more than utilized and enjoyed the opportunity of conversing with the servants of the good Lady's household, and with the farm laborers, using the Irish language only. It developed later that these got their heads together afterwards, assembled by a common curiosity, to discuss the situation, wondering who that highly distinguished looking man was or what he was. He seemed to be one of the visiting party, but how could that be? Hadn't he been talking Irish! Surely, they thought, he cannot be a "gentleman."

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

EVIL RESULTS OF ANGLICIZATION

CAMBRIDGE, March 20, 1908.

EDITOR REVIEW:

WRITING on the subject of the Anglicization of Ireland, M. Paul-Dubois says that "from one end of the island to the other, in every city and town, there are certain classes of people, who, although they declare themselves Nationalists, and declaim vigorously against British tyranny and misrule, are nevertheless carried away by the one ruling ambition of becoming West Britons. As far as becoming real Britons is concerned, that is quite another thing. The way of Anglicization is easy and sweet and inviting, if the Irishman would only be willing to forget his race, deny his ancestry and suppress history, doing all this by slow stages, if it can possibly be done at all. But at the end of the count, whither does this road lead? Ireland may become Anglicized; but can Ireland, even if it would, ever become English? There is only one

answer to this question. That which is quite visible just at present is the loss Ireland is liable to sustain, and which, in fact, it has already partially sustained, mentally and morally. Mentally, the nation suffers a diminution of its intellectual vigor, versatility and aptitude, because it takes more ideas from outside than it creates or develops within itself and becomes an imitator rather than an originator. Cut away from its roots in its own past, the Irish intelligence loses, with the national language, its best instrument; it loses its quickness and originality; it becomes parched and dull. In former times when the Irishman spoke Irish, everything had an interest for him; his native intellectual acumen had full play; now that he has become English, as far as that is possible, his interests and sympathies have become considerably restricted. It is the mental famine, come to stay. The Anglo-Saxon himself is beginning to observe that at his touch, the intelligence and traditional high spirit of the Irishman have lost much of their power and life. Nevertheless, much of the intellectual power and dormant energy of the Irishman are brought into play by England herself in the

fields of journalism, colonial service and Indian administration, which furnish opportunities for all-around mental exertion that he never could find in his own country."

To give our author's idea of the loss to Ireland from the moral viewpoint would make this letter too long.

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

EVILS OF ANGLICIZATION

CAMBRIDGE, April 7, 1908.

EDITOR REVIEW:

HAVING given in my last letter what M. Paul-Dubois has to say about the enfeeblement of Irish intellectual power, resulting from Anglicization, I wish to state here what he has to say about the loss to Ireland from the moral point of view. He says that "Ireland does not lose, and shall not lose, by Anglicization, directly, anything more than a race which has continued young at heart and which has kept itself pure by the effect of agricultural life and the influence of a clergy, at once very popular and very powerful, is sure to lose by being brought in contact with the materialism and utilitarianism of a civilization which is very far advanced, indeed, and the peculiar characteristics of which are centralization of material power and industrialism. Anglicization, according to Irish observers, tends to lower the moral level of the nation and to

diminish, in the individual, the qualities of self-respect, self-confidence, energy, the spirit of initiative and the proper sense of his responsibilities. Should Ireland assimilate that which is best in the Anglo-Saxon character, nothing would be more desirable. But it has grasped only what is basest and vilest; it has grasped the vices, but not the virtues, of the Anglo-Saxon; simply because vice is easier to imitate and appropriate. It is a well known fact that, as the average criminality of the Irish in Ireland is incomparably less than that of the Irish who live in the large cities of England, so also the people who live in those districts in Ireland where the Irish language is still spoken, and where Anglicization has, therefore, made least progress, are superior morally to those of the other districts. They are cleaner, more virtuous, more elegant and becoming in their speech. Douglas Hyde, a protestant who lives in the midst of them lays particular emphasis on this fact. Cardinal Logue says that nowhere is the faith stronger, nowhere the religious sentiment deeper, nor innocence and purity of life more prevalent than among the people of Irish Ireland. Imbued with spirituality and

mysticism, this old language is, for Ireland, the most powerful factor of religious faith and the best safeguard against the agnosticism and paganism of the present.

Can Anglicization bring any good to Ireland to make up for what she loses in her moral traditions, in her culture and in her originality? Alas! *No*. A people does not advance, except along the lines of its own natural gifts and native characteristics. It cannot, by any sort of metempsychosis, animate itself with the soul of another people; and from the moment that it deviates from its primitive course and from its possibilities, it condemns itself and disqualifies itself for nationhood. Adoption does not replace heredity. For peoples as well as for individuals, to imitate is to decline. The territory of Ireland may well become a province of England, an English shire, like the ancient kingdom of Kent. The people of Ireland may cease to be a nation. The very word, *Ireland*, may be reduced to a geographical term. But the Irish people never can become English. Ceasing to be Celtic, they cannot become Saxon. Anglicization will only "denationalize" them, without giving them a new

civil status, but by putting them in the status and in the light of “mongrels” or nondescripts, lost children of history, without a future, as without a past. For Ireland, to-day, Anglicization means national extinction.”

Sincerely yours,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

A FOREIGN OPINION ON IRISH IN THE NEW DUBLIN UNIVERSITY

CAMBRIDGE, January 1, 1909.

EDITOR REVIEW:

READERS of Gaelic League news and of Irish news in general are well aware of the efforts that are being made in Ireland to save the new University from becoming West British rather than Irish in its character. Gaelic Ireland is trying to make the University thoroughly Irish, making a knowledge of the Irish language an essential condition of membership on its student roll, an essential study within its halls, and, wherever possible, the channel through which instruction is to be conveyed. Every department of the Irish language and literature, the old, the medieval, and the modern, is to be studied and explored. The atmosphere of the University is to be distinctly Irish, as that of Berlin is distinctly German. Anglo-Ireland raises many

weak objections against all this, claiming among other things that foreign students will be repelled by the fact that a knowledge of Irish is required as a condition for entrance, as if unable to see that special arrangements could and would be made for such students. A foreign student in the person of Julius Pokorny, of the University of Vienna, answers this objection in a letter addressed to the people of Ireland through the columns of the *Claidbeamh Soluis* of Dublin. Among the arguments he uses is that if a foreign student wanted to learn English he would not think of going to Ireland or Wales. Naturally he would go to England. And if he wanted to study Latin or Greek, he would not think of going to any part of the British Isles for a "teaching" that he could "have better on the continent."

The learned professor's point is that if a foreigner wanted to learn Irish he would naturally, or at least, he should naturally, turn to Ireland. Reflecting on the Anglicizing influences that are at work in Ireland he exclaims: "Wilt thou never remember, poor Irish people, that thou never canst become *real* English, and trying to do so, thou wilt

be only a wretched imitation, as England will never regard thee as her equal, and so thou wilt be neither Irish nor English — a poor nothing.” The professor goes on to say that while Ireland has not many material attractions for the foreigner, there are spiritual ones, greater and nobler than in any other country, and these attractions he says the Irish must keep alive — they would perish together with the native language and the national character. He continues: —

“It has been said a Celtic University would keep out foreign students, but just the reverse would be the case. We know almost everything about the old literatures of Europe. There is hardly a corner that has not been explored. But there has been opened a new fountain of lore and legend and literature, almost inexhaustible, belonging to the oldest Aryan nation of Europe, to the Celts, to the Irish Celts. The scholars of Europe have long ago begun to recognize the immense importance of Celtic studies. Schools begin to spring up, slowly but steadily, and in fifty years the students of Celtic will be as numerous as those of Latin or Greek. Then every university will

have its school of Celtic; students will go then as now to Berlin, to Freiburg, to Paris. Ireland only will stand alone, a laughing stock for England and for the whole world.

“I won’t speak of my own humble personality — of myself, who went to Ireland this summer to study the language I love so much, as if Gaelic and not German were my mother-tongue, who went to the Connaught College to learn there from the lips of native speakers the famous tongue of the Gael; no I’ll speak only of the great continental scholars who visited Ireland during the last years. There were Professor Pedersen, Dr. Saraw and Dr. Marstranger from Scandinavia; Professor Dottin from France; the Professors, Dr. Finner, Dr. Osthoff and Dr. Finck from Germany, and others; all these; did they go to Trinity College or to the Royal University of Ireland? Ask John Long, the schoolmaster of Ballyferriter; ask the simple peasants of the Arran Islands. No, they went among the poor people, they endured often great privations, just for the sake of learning the native Irish tongue. And how many students that do not have the energy to live among the poor peasantry would come to

Dublin if there would be a great Gaelic University there!"

The learned Austrian goes on to show that an English University in Dublin will attract no foreign students, but that a Gaelic University, if it proves itself worthy of its name, will make Dublin the Mecca of the foreign lovers of the language and literature of the Gael.

Sincerely yours,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

DEATH OF DE JUBAINVILLE, A GREAT CELTIC SCHOLAR

GEORGETOWN, March 14, 1910

EDITOR REVIEW:

THE following editorial from the Dublin *Claideam Soluis* of March 5 cannot fail to be of interest to the readers of the *Review's* Gaelic Department: "To look to the continent, particularly to France, for aid had long been a tradition in Ireland and when we began to realize that it was vain to hope for military assistance against our political enemies, scholars in France Germany, Denmark and even in Austria and Italy, began to help us in another way, when they started the quiet work of editing and translating Old Irish manuscripts, which has made the name of Ireland known in every European university. Ireland is indebted to them to an extent that she does not yet realize. The workers in the revival of the spoken language have not yet had time to turn in large numbers to the old

literature, but when they commence its study, they will find how much Ireland owes to the great giants of the Continental universities, who during the past sixty years have done so much as teachers, editors and translators to place our literature within the reach of the ordinary student. Among those linguistic giants one of the greatest was the Frenchman, M. Henri d'Arbois de Jubainville who has just died. He had an enthusiastic love for our people and for our language and literature. He was a notable authority on Celtic literature generally, but his most noteworthy work was, perhaps that done in conjunction with Whitley Stokes on the *Revue Celtique*. He was eighty-three, but was an active worker almost to the end. At the time of his death he was engaged in making a French translation of 'An Tain.'"

"An Tain" is the greatest of the epic stories of ancient Ireland; and if the literary development of the old land had not been arrested by the long Danish and English wars and by the deplorable state into which the country was plunged by the penal laws that were intended to root the ancient faith and all learning, ancient and modern, out of the country, there is no

doubt but that the plastic hands of some Irish bard would have woven that great mass of raw material into an immortal poem. It gives an account of a great war between the Ulster King and the combined forces of Munster and Connaught, under the leadership of the powerful but unscrupulous Queen Meave of the latter kingdom, and it recounts the brilliant deeds of Cucullain and of hosts of other great war heroes. It has all the elements that give a poem immortality, the constant intervention of the "immortal gods" in the affairs of men. Brother Azarias in his "Philosophy of Literature" clearly shows that it is the divine element pervading a poem, no matter what the poet's conception of the divine may be, that makes it impossible for that poem to die. It lifts it into the regions of the sublime.

The "Tain," or "Tain Bo Chuailgne" (The Cattle Raid of Cooley) has been translated into German by Windisch, and into majestic English blank verse by Mrs. Mary Hutton of Belfast, Ireland.

John Strachan died within the last couple of years. Whitley Stokes is dead; and now De Jubainville is dead. The few that are left

in the field of exploring Ireland's ancient lore are, we believe, rather advanced in years. When they pass away who will take their places? As one giant after another totters to the ground there is a great gap left, and the gap remains. The only consolation is that Ireland is, and shall remain, perpetual, as an honored name in all the great universities of the world; and we have sufficient faith in the Gaelic League and in the ardent love of learning that always characterized the Irish race, to believe that sooner or later we shall have other eminent men continuing the noble work of the great Celtic scholars that are passing away.

Sincerely yours,
(REV.) M. P. MAHON

A PILGRIM from the sainted isle,
On which, amidst the darkest storm,
The "Ocean's Star" ne'er ceased to
 smile,
And guard its ancient faith from harm;
'Twould ill become no voice to raise,
To sound the sinless Virgin's praise.

Nor need our harp be here unstrung
On willows hanging, from sad fears
That, should it breathe our native
 tongue,
Its tones should melt us into tears.
On Tiber's banks no tongue is strange,
Rome's faith and tongue embrace earth's
 range."¹

¹ Archbishop MacHale's verses quoted from page 44.
On the left is the Irish of this, in the author's (M. P. M's.)
script.

1.

"Το ορκερεάς ὁ ναὸν ἡμῶν
 ἔκρη ἀντάρ, λάρ ῥιοντα ζεῖν,
 "Κεῖτε τὰ θανά" παρ γὰρ ῥῶν,
 ἔκρη αἰνῶντος ἡ σφειδραὶ ἔκρη αἰν;
 ἡ δὲ dual βρεῖ πορεῖς, ἐοῶδ' ῥὰ ῥῶν,
 ἡ δὲ ἡ-ὄς γὰρ περὶ αὐτὴν γὰρ βρεῖ.

2.

"ἡ δὲ dual δὲ ἐλάρης ἔκρη αἰν;
 ἀντάρ ῥῶντος ἐοῶδ, βρεῖ παρ ῥῶν
 τὸ ἡ-δραῖας ἐοῶδ αὐτῶν ῥ ῥῶν
 ἔκρη ῥ-πορεῖς λάρ λέ αἰν ῥ ἐοῶδ:
 ἀντάρ ῥῶντος ῥῶν τὰ τῶν βρεῖ.
 γὰρ αὐτὴν, γὰρ δαῖας βρεῖ ῥῶν ῥῶν.

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